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PRESIDENT WILSON'S address before the Peace Conference on the question of the League is conciliatory in tone but uncompromising in matter. The Conference is reminded that it is the peoples, not the governments, whose demand for a secure peace must be satisfied. It is reminded that America is demanding a secure peace not because security is more vital to her than to other nations—for it is not—but because of her democratic ideals, whose just claims were recognized by the Allies when she entered the war, and whose defeat would mean that America had fought in vain. Nothing but a real and vital League will satisfy the American ideal. Unless such a League is formed America cannot be counted on to underwrite the settlement. There is another implication, less plain, perhaps, but more significant. America is not demanding a League as a special favor to herself, for which she will be ready to make concessions in turn. She is demanding it as a preliminary to all discussion of matters in which mutual concessions are permissible. The fact that our Allies give their votes for a League of Peace affords no reason why our votes should be given for any nationalistic project whatsoever. In insisting upon an effective League we are voicing not our peculiar demands, but the demands of all the peoples.

IN asserting, some weeks ago, that League or no League Britain meant to remain mistress of the seas, Winston Churchill was speaking only for himself, not for the British government. Secretary Daniels was speaking only for himself when he proclaimed America's intention to build the biggest navy afloat. When General Diaz declared Italy's unalterable determination to thrust the frontier up to the Brenner and to the Dalmatian watershed, he was speaking only for himself. And now we have official assurance that it is not the French government speaking through his mouth, but Foch personally that is demanding the Rhine as a boundary. Each of our nations has its own enfant terrible; that is a fact which ought to make for sympathy and charity. But this consideration does not altogether quell the suspicion that all those responsibilities may be serving hidden purposes. What are they? That is a puzzle that baffles us. We had supposed that straight talk would suffice for negotiations among friends.

BELIEVERS in democracy have every reason to be satisfied with the result of the first free elections ever held in Germany. The success of representative government depends upon the exercise of power by parties which propose relatively moderate and conciliatory policies. Parties of this kind will control the German constituent assembly. By far the largest group is that of the majority Socialists which belongs to the left wing of German opinion but which can best be described as the left centre. But they are not numerous enough to control the assembly without the assistance of either the democratic liberals or the Catholic people's party. The decisions of the assembly will, consequently, depend upon some combination among

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these central groups, all of whom were elected on what would be considered in this country to be extremely radical programmes. At the same time, both the extreme nationalists and the extreme Socialists are not excluded from the gathering but will have sufficient representation to make themselves heard and to enable them to criticize the weakness of the majority performances or arguments. The German assembly is adapted, consequently, both to the educational discussion of alternative policies and to the reaching of imperative decisions. Its task may prove to be impossible. It may go the way of the French Convention of 1793 instead of the French Constituent Assembly of 1872, but even if it fails, its mere election is a landmark in the history of European public law. The German people will never permanently surrender to the crown or to the aristocracy which has been so thoroughly discredited its right to dispose of its own destiny.

THE publication of the list of the so-called "pacifists and radicals" charged with obstructing the government in the conduct of the war was an outrageous piece of petty persecution which Secretary Baker has done well to repudiate. The list contained all sorts and conditions of professors and publicists, some of whom had always been in favor of fighting Germany, others of whom opposed American participation in the war in the beginning but accepted it later, and others who remained unreconciled until the end. It was sheer stupidity to class them all together, but the stupidity becomes malice when a department of the government holds them all up to public reprobation as people who had obstructed the success of American military operations. Of two things one. The Department of Justice was charged with the duty of prosecuting people who obstructed the government in the prosecution of the war, and Congress supplied it with all the powers needed to reach such offenders. Either it fell far below the level of its duty or else some other department of the government has exceeded its franchise. All officials and all citizens as individuals are entitled to their own opinion as to the behavior of their fellow-citizens, but no government is entitled to adopt three or four different ways of condemning private citizens for the offense of disloyalty. It is not for captains in the army who have had no training in law and politics to pass official verdicts upon the innocence or guilt of other people's opinions. To permit them to do so is comparable to permitting the District Attorney's office to decide upon the innocence or guilt of all persons suspected or accused by whatever agents of crime.

THERE must be some sort of crooked propaganda in the report that Belgium is demanding the cession of the Dutch province of Limburg and the control of the Scheldt to the sea, which implies the cession of the Dutch province of Zeeland. The Dutch have deserved well at the hands of Belgium. They have cared for hundreds of thousands of refugees at their own expense, rejecting the generous proposals of England and France to release them of part of the burden. As neutral witnesses of what was going on in Belgium they rendered services of incalculable value. One shrinks from the thought of what Germany might have done if it had not been for the pressure of Dutch opinion. In the course of the war there have been instances in which the Dutch interpreted the conditions of neutrality adversely to the Allied contentions. But no man in his senses would count it a small thing that Holland successfully resisted the German pressure to throw her resources against the Allies. Besides, Belgium has not the slightest need for the province of Limburg, which is without strategic value and is ethnically no more Belgian than any other part of southern Holland. Control of the Scheldt to the sea is of no use to Belgium in time of peace. The shipping of Antwerp has never been interfered with by the Dutch. As for war time, be it remembered we are organizing a League of Nations. In the event of the League's failure, there is no security for Belgium whether she dominates the Scheldt or not.

THE Tsar is gone: the Kaiser is gone: but the little tsars and kaisers of our educational system continue in their ways of tyranny. Their latest object of persecution is Benjamin Glassberg, as able and honest a teacher of history as we have anywhere in the public schools. Through the process of delation that dishonors our teaching profession, the report reached the higher authorities that Mr. Glassberg had said in class discussion that Bolshevism had brought about the cracking of the German power and that the Russian Bolsheviki had aided in the work, that the newspapers printed great untruths about Russia, and that certain officials returning from Russia were not permitted to tell the truth about the Bolsheviki. We do not know whether Mr. Glassberg said these things or not. All we know is that they are the plain truth, and that no person so ill informed as not to know it ought to be permitted to teach history in our public schools. But the New York City Department of Education has its own official account of what has happened in Russia. That account must be transmitted by the teachers of history as if it were Gospel. Therefore in permitting the truth

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to show its unwelcome head in the discussion of Russia, Benjamin Glassberg was guilty of "conduct unbecoming a teacher" and suspended without pay to await an inquest designed to produce excuses for expelling him from the service. He is a Socialist, a Jew and a man of ability. What more is required for conviction?

WHAT the Department of Education's account of Russian affairs actually is may interest the reader who imagines that our schools are kept free of politics and propaganda. We quote from the Syllabus on the World War, issued with an order to the principals of high schools to have it taught "to all pupils in your school" "in the most efficient and inspiring manner." "The year did not end well for Russia and Italy. In Russia, a revolt broke out against the pro-German court and the Tsar. The Tsar was removed to make way for a provisional government. Kerensky tried to establish a stable government, but failed on account of the opposition of the extremists, Lenine and Trotzky. When these men attained power, they betrayed their country into the hands of Germany. German agents, posing as revolutionists, misled the credulous; the ignorant masses, drunk with their new liberty, cast aside all discipline and order; the conservatives, threatened by the Bolsheviki with loss of their lands, rose in unsuccessful revolt. The new leaders decided to make peace with the Central Powers. In December they not only agreed to an armistice, but compelled the still active Rumanians to do likewise."

IT is a foregone conclusion that the peace congress will not restore any of her colonies to Germany. Then what shall be done with them? They might be distributed among the Allied Powers having contiguous interests. That was the old way of settling such matters. But the democratic peoples of today insist that a better way must be found. And so there is little talk of the outright annexation of the German colonies and the territories conquered from Turkey, and much talk of "trusteeship." England would hold Mesopotamia, German East Africa and other territories falling to her in trust for the natives and for the world. France would hold Syria, the German Congo, etc., on similar terms. But what is to prevent trusteeship from transmuting itself into ownership in fee simple? It is intimated that the American plan would assign ultimate authority over the colonies to the League of Nations. The several Powers would distribute the colonial territories for purposes of administration, but they would be expected to give an accounting from time to time to the League. We see no reason why England should not find this plan acceptable. It is England's boast that she has in fact administered her non-settlement colonies as trustees, granting to her own nationals therein no privileges not accorded to the nationals of all the other civilized states.

AFTER all our months of concern over the world shortage of food, it is embarrassing to find that our statesmen are now gravely concerned over the problem of what to do with our surplus stocks. Through increased production and economy of consumption we enlarged our capacity for exporting fats from fifty million pounds a month in 1917 to four hundred million pounds in 1919. Our Allies can't take that amount, now that they no longer need to accumulate stocks against the submarine dangers. Besides they have access to cheaper sources. Neither can the neutrals take it. The Germans and Russians, to be sure, are perishing for want of fats, but who dares propose that the blockade be lifted and our surplus fats be opened to their demand? Hoover almost dares, but not quite: he hopes for an early signing of the peace, which would accomplish the same end. In the meantime we shall proceed blithely toward a crash in the provisions market, with initial losses to the packers, about which we need not grieve, and ultimate losses, much heavier and more widely distributed, among the farmers, who will not take kindly to the idea of choking in our own fat products when there are great populations hungering after them and willing to pay for them.

AT a time when the United States Senate refused to budge one vote on the subject of woman suffrage, we made the ironic suggestion in these columns that America, consecrated to the cause of democracy, compel the benighted Germans to give votes to women. The irony of this kind of righteousness failed to strike many of our commentators. Papers like the Outlook took the tone of righteousness completely for granted. They merely deprecated our zeal. And now the benighted Germans have gone and done it. A few weeks after the free American people extinguished the sole female Representative in Congress, the Germans gave a place in their parliament to over thirty women. At one stroke, that is to say, they not only improved the political status of the common people of Germany, they took away the standing insult to womanhood that still distinguishes France, Britain, Italy and the United States. Of course the Germans are still benighted. It is pro-German to say anything else. But the fact remains that our enlightened Senate is refusing to correct the inferior political status of American women while German women not only vote but sit in parliament.

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The Great Beginning

WE wonder whether Americans such as Senators Knox and Lodge who have talked as if the proposed organization of a League of Nations furnished an insuperable obstacle to the negotiation of a quick and satisfactory treaty of peace understand the meaning of what is taking place in Paris. The truth is turning out to be precisely the reverse of their account of what it would be. A League of Nations, instead of being an obstacle to the negotiation of quick and satisfactory peace, is proving itself in practice to be both the condition of any peace at all and the one effective agency in bringing peace about. Each of the many thorny problems which the Conference has already tackled, such for instance as those of feeding Central Europe, dealing with Soviet Russia, or settling disputes about future territorial boundaries, involve insuperable difficulties unless in handling them the Conference acts in the spirit and according to the principles of a League of Nations rather than in the spirit of an old Power alliance. A Power alliance is founded on suspicions and animosities, and necessarily prefers its own future military protection to the general political welfare and the selfish national ambitions of its members to the satisfaction of popular aspirations and needs. A League of Nations can only be founded on the will to treat others as you would like to be treated by others, and on the subordination of military and exclusively national interests to the well-being of peoples and the promotion of general confidence and security. In the present distracted condition of Europe it is the spirit and principles underlying a League of Nations which alone will really work. The five great Powers who are conferring in Paris have begun the foundation of a League of Nations under the coercion of inexorable facts. They have made the great beginning, not merely because they have passed a resolution to that effect, but because in their public behavior up to date they have on the whole acted as a League or Concert of Nations rather than as an alliance of selfish Powers. The Peace Conference is itself by way of developing into an international society bound together by a sense of general social obligation and by a guaranty of joint security.

This is as it should be and as it needs to be. This is the way in which revolutionary political innovations come about—by the adaptation at a moment of necessity of some traditional instrument to novel needs and purposes. The first European constituent assembly was not elected to rewrite the fundamental law of France, but to redress the economic grievances of the French nation. Our own Constitutional Convention was called merely to revise the old Articles of Confederation. It wisely and courageously usurped the authority to propose to the states a new government and a new foundation for public law. The French States General and the American Convention both divined that they could not accomplish the lesser task which they had assembled to accomplish except as a part of a more radical and thoroughgoing programme. So it is with the Peace Conference. It is conferring ostensibly for the purpose of reaching an agreement upon the terms of a peace treaty which the victors will impose upon their defeated adversaries. Many of its members would like to frame another Treaty of Vienna or Frankfurt, based essentially upon the right of the victors to dispose as freely and completely of the vanquished as they please or deem expedient. But they find they cannot reach any agreement among themselves or deal successfully with any of the concrete territorial or economic problems or bring into existence anything which even looks like pacification without acting as the constituent assembly of a new international society and without defining and recognizing the political principles underlying such an order. Willy-nilly, they proclaim and actually become a League of Nations.

The resolution of January 25th, which creates a League of Nations, must consequently be interpreted in the light of what preceded and what follows it. The Peace Conference has adopted it not merely because a League of this kind was called for by President Wilson's fourteen points but because as soon as its members honestly faced the difficulties of settling the concrete problems of pacification, they could not make any headway unless they acted in the spirit and according to the principles of a League of Nations. The great Powers need for the prodigious task ahead of them an effective immediate union among themselves and an assured future basis of union with their smaller allies, with neutral nations and with their former enemies. They cannot obtain such a union by compromising or pooling exclusive military advantages or nationalist interests. Interests, as President Wilson said at Manchester, divide nations. They are united only by devotion to common ideals and principles. They have, consequently, affirmed their devotion to an ideal which is itself the embodiment of the essential spirit of international community. They have decided to create a League of Nations which shall "promote international obligations" and "provide safeguards against war" which shall form "an integral part of the general treaty of peace" and which shall be "open to every civilized nation which can be relied on to promote its objects." By so doing they have not only begun the creation of an instrument of international justice

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and cooperation but they have uttered a pledge to act according to the principles of impartial justice and the spirit of international cooperation in planning subsequently the concrete structure of peace.

The creation of an instrument of international justice may not prove to be as difficult as at one time seemed probable. Since the armistice was signed certain political architects have succeeded in outlining the constitution of a League which has a promising chance of working and surviving. The political architects which we have in mind happen to be English. The plan of organization which is being advocated in Paris by Robert Cecil and Jan Smuts and which is described at length in the December issue of the Round Table under the caption "Some Principles and Problems of the Settlement" has a double advantage. It provides for the essential beginnings of an international community but without imposing for the present too many, too specific, too permanent or too onerous obligations on its members and without limiting too rigidly their subsequent freedom of action. It is intended primarily to survive and to work during the period of transition from the old to the new internationalism and it possesses, we think, a better chance of survival and working than have any of the French or American plans. Yet it does not shirk the task of greatest difficulty, which is that of providing for future alterations in international contracts and relationships. Instead of arranging merely for the arbitration of disputes and the enforcement of decisions and delays before permitting an appeal to arms, it creates a continuing mechanism of international legislation. As the President says: the Conference cannot hope to reach entirely satisfactory "permanent decisions" but it can set up continuing processes for reaching decisions. This the English plan seeks to accomplish by what is practically a prolongation of the life of the Conference itself—that is, by specifying a frequent renewal of its meetings and consequently by erecting the international constituent assembly into a permanent institution. Such a method of effecting international legislation will undoubtedly be modified in the future, but it is probably the only method of substituting conference for war as the instrument of international reconstruction to which the nations could for the present be brought to consent. It provides, if not for an international executive, at least for an international secretariat, for it supplements the periodical assemblies with a "permanent organization and secretaries to carry on the business of the League in the interval between the conferences."

But if the Conference proposes to perpetuate itself as a League of Nations, it must, of course, continue to perform its own work in a spirit and according to rules which will make for an international cooperation and good faith rather than for international grievances and suspicions and animosities.

The resolution declares that the League should be "open to every civilized nation which can be relied in to promote its objects." The declaration is wise and fundamental to the success of the League, but the immediately important question is not whether the nations now out of the League such as Russia and Germany, can be trusted to promote its objects, but whether the nations within the League will permit their own national policies to be moulded by the spirit and the "object" of an international concert. Russia and Germany are not represented in the present Conference. They are not as yet members of the League, and no one knows whether under the governments of their revolutionary democracies they can be trusted to act as members of an international society. The League consists at present of the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, the United States, and presumably of certain smaller states which were more or less neutral during the war, or which will come into existence as a result of the war.

The future adhesion of Russia and Germany will depend upon their behavior and that of their associates. France can behave towards Germany in the matters of boundaries and indemnities so as to render impossible any future adjustment of the difference between those two countries other than war. Italy can behave towards Jugo-Slavia and Austria so as to make the future peace of the world depend not on the guaranties of the treaty of peace but upon its radical transformation. If Polish imperialists are allowed to dictate the boundaries of the New Poland, they will create as insuperable an obstacle to a concert of nations as was the old Russia and the old Austria-Hungary.

If America presses hard on her economic advantages over exhausted Europe she will create an amount of international friction and resentment which will poison and vitiate the whole process of international conference. The League cannot, as the resolution of January 25th demands, become "an essential part of the treaty of peace" unless the five great Powers infuse into the treaty of peace the spirit and principles which are bound to underlie future cooperation of all nations. Precisely because they are the victors in the war and possess the powers the immediate future of the world and the survival of the League hang not on the reliability of Russia and Germany but on the reliability of France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan and the United States.

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Must We Have a Corn Law Fight?

THERE is a cloud rising above our political horizon, and it is already considerably bigger than a man's hand. That is the prospective condition of the American wheat grower. For a year he has received prices which, if modest as compared with those enjoyed by the cotton grower, are without precedent in pre-war experience. He will receive such prices through next year, $2.26 a bushel, diminished somewhat by costs of transportation, but ordinarily netting him two dollars. After that, what? The rest of the wheat growing world has not become accustomed to two dollar wheat. Australia, Canada, the Argentine and India will produce abundantly at a dollar and a quarter. If the Russian tangle straightens itself out, the Black Sea regions will send out mountains of wheat for even less. There is not a shadow of a reason for believing that in 1920 anything like the present American price will prevail on the world market. It is much more likely that the price will sink to near the dollar level. And with the lapse of the price guaranty, American wheat will take an international price, unless we devise means for holding it up. That is where the matter impinges upon politics. Will the farmer insist on the devising and application of such means, or will he be content to let the "laws of trade" take their course?

The first point to consider is whether the world price will be regarded by the farmer as a remunerative price. We may recall that at the time when it was proposed to fix the price for 1919 at $2.26 the grain growing regions were full of bitterness over the inadequacy of the figure. It was vehemently asserted that this price was not remunerative. The cost of labor, of machinery, of fertilizers had been advanced by war. That cost will fall, but will it fall in any such measure as to reconcile the farmer to dollar wheat? We can not believe it. It will take more than one year or two to restore the trade in potash salts and nitrates to its former cheapness and abundance. The laborers drafted away from the farm will not return to it at the old wages unless we have such a universal cutting of industrial wages as now seems highly improbable. Agricultural machinery will not grow much cheaper until the demand for foreign reconstruction abates.

As to general supplies, they will follow the general price level, and that is not likely to sink as the body of credits remains over-extended through half-absorbed public loans, at home and abroad. So far then as the war price of wheat was rendered imperative by war costs, it will remain imperative after the close of the period for what a guaranteed price is assured.

It may be said that while it may cost $2.26 to produce and market part of the wheat, most of it is produced at a much lower cost. There can be no doubt of this. The billion bushel crop of 1918 and the prospective billion bushel crop of 1919 became possible only by virtue of the extension of cultivation over an acreage where wheat would not normally be grown. Exhausted and refractory soils have been put to wheat, at a great expenditure of labor. An agricultural development has in some respects repeated the experience of British agriculture during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. At that time much land of an inferior order was brought under the plow, to meet the insistent demands of a population cut off from its ordinary import sources. The high prices of the war period justified the expense. So it has been with us. But will not such land simply go out of cultivation again, thus reducing the cost of the wheat actually produced? Let us not be too confident on this score. There is another parallel from the early British experience that is instructive.

When the prices of grain in early nineteenth century England rose so high as to draw inferior lands into cultivation, the consequent profits on the better land simply transformed themselves into higher rents. Lands in the county of Essex that commanded a rental of ten shillings an acre before the disturbances of the French wars were renting in 1812 for fifty shillings. Other counties also exhibit a five-fold increase for the better lands. Accordingly a fall in price sufficient to throw the worse lands out of cultivation would first have bankrupted the tenants on the better lands, then reduced rents, and finally cut the prices of agricultural land. But that is precisely what we ordinarily describe as a frightful agricultural depression. In this country the era of war prices has been too brief to produce any such marked effect upon rents. Nevertheless, they have been very materially increased in some parts of the country. There is much complaint arising from the tenants, and in one instance that has come to our attention, the Scully estate in Nebraska, there has been an organized movement to fight against the increase. How the value of land has been affected is not now precisely determined, because the successive war loans, drawing away the current supplies of purchasing power, have obscured the development of realty values. But we may be quite sure that a fall in prices sufficient to reduce the wheat area to its pre-war extent will affect farm rents and values adversely. It will disseminate a feeling of depression.

During the war we were wont to tell the American farmer that the liberties of the world were in

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his keeping. Food would win the war. It was a fair statement. If the war had lasted another year, the American wheat surplus alone could save our Allies from unendurable distress. So the British farmer of the period of the French wars was taught to believe that the liberties of England were in his keeping, as in fact they were. With Napoleon safe in St. Helena the British urban population clamored for cheap food, though cheap food meant agricultural depression. That was the beginning of the Corn Law fight. With the Kaiser uneasily moving about the grounds of his Dutch refuge, our urban population is beginning to revolve the problem of dear flour. There is much murmuring because flour will not be cheaper for another year. But when cheaper flour comes the wheat growing states are bound to suffer under depression. Will they accept it tamely?

The farmers might swallow their losses if everybody else were to do the same. But that is more than is to be expected. The dye manufacturers, for instance: are they going to come out into the open weather of peace time competition? Did they not sink their money in an enterprise necessary to the country's war effort, in an enterprise that will be vital if ever we go to war again, since dyes are explosives at a short remove? Shall we then abandon them to the mercies of German competition? We are not likely to do so; they will get protection even from the Democratic party. How about the merchant marine: shall we leave it to sink or swim, as international competitive conditions dictate? No indeed: we are revolving plans for subsidizing it. The wheat grower will ask, where does my situation differ from that of the dye producer or the merchant marine? Find the difference, if you can.

The British grain grower of the early nineteenth century asked for protection, and got it. That assured him a high level of prices, since England was already an important nation. The American grain grower of today might ask for protection, and easily get it, since he holds the balance of political power throughout the northwest, and as matters stand politically, in the nation at large. But we are an exporting nation and protective duties can not really help the grain grower. Nothing will help him to maintain the present level of prices except the continuance of the federal guaranty. That is a device he might not have thought of, if there had been no war. But now that he has seen its workings, will he be willing to relinquish it? Hardly, if other war industries are to be perpetuated in their prosperity through protection and subsidies. The farmer's moral claim to public bounty is as good as anybody's.

But the wheat grower's subsidy will be an immense drain upon the public treasury, and upon the consuming public as well. On every bushel consumed the urban laborer will have to pay a dollar more than he would if wheat were unsubsidized. That amounts to twenty-five dollars for the normal family. On every bushel exported the Treasury will be out one dollar. And exports will range between three and four hundred millions of bushels, if we keep production going at the present scale. That is a burden not so very much less than the cost of maintaining the German army before the war.

It is intolerable. Therefore, the idea is absurd. The American farmer will have to readjust himself to peace time conditions, without taking a tax from every mouthful of bread and laying a crushing burden on the Treasury besides. That is what the city dweller thinks. But let us reflect on the matter. The farmer has seen us build up our industries on a protectionistic basis. He sees industry preparing to present fresh claims for more protection. He has paid and paid, never getting anything for himself but the imaginary benefit of duties on agricultural products which we would not import anyway, since we produce a surplus. Oh yes, a duty on wool, chiefly for the benefit of the Rocky Mountain sheep barons and at times a duty on hides for the profit of the packers. The American farmer may be fooled once or twice, but not ad infinitum. He now knows a method by which he can build up his prosperity, at the expense of other classes, as manufactures have been build up at others' expense. Will he try to use it?

If he does, we are in for a corn law fight, not much less bitter than that which raged in England in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. And, as in England of that time, the wheat grower will not surrender his privileges while other interests maintain the privileges. The whole structure of American protectionism will be pulled down before we can dislodge the wheat guaranty, if once it becomes firmly established in our political system.

The Forty-Four Hour Week

LAST May at their convention in Baltimore the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America voted to establish the forty-four hour week in the men's clothing industry. This meant that they were no longer satisfied with the straight eight hour a day six days in the week for which the American Federation of Labor had been contending for more than a generation. Fourteen weeks ago their employers denied their demand. A combined lockout and strike followed. Last week this contest ended in complete victory for the workers. According to the officers of the union, this is the first case in which the forty-four hour week has been established

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as the standard throughout an American industry.

This fact in itself is sufficiently noteworthy; but the circumstances surrounding the achievement are even more remarkable. The great majority of the men's clothing makers are recent immigrants, men and women whom the older American unions have sought to exclude from the country for fear that they would lend themselves to the debasement of the "American standard of living." This fear and the resulting prejudice against these immigrant workers is in part responsible for the exclusion of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers from affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. The long strike for the forty-four hour week has been won without either the moral or financial support of the official organized labor movement by an "outlawed" organization of immigrant workers, who have thus forged into a position of leadership in the improvement of working standards. It is not surprising, therefore, that these despised immigrants should celebrate their triumph as a battle won by themselves in behalf of American workers generally. The leading article in their official journal, the Advance, rejoices that "our victory means legislation not only for the clothing industry but also for the entire Labor Movement. . . . The official Labor Movement does not recognize our existence, our struggles or our victories. But we send this message to our fellow workers in and out of the official Labor Movement: 'We have organized, built, fought and won single-handed. But we have done all this not for ourselves alone, but for the working class as a whole. Whatever your attitude toward us may be, we know you only as flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. We have made a glorious beginning. We hope to see you follow our example.'"

To have been excluded from the American Federation of Labor, to have been looked down upon as immigrants and a menace to the living standards of American workmen, and then to have established a new high standard in one of the most important of American industries, is cause for justifiable pride. But to most Americans who share the rather common prejudice against these Jewish workmen their further grounds for rejoicing will seem particularly interesting. Their long struggle for the shorter work period was principally inspired by the conviction that, without the leisure which the forty-four hour week assures, it is impossible for the wage-working masses to cultivate those faculties the intelligent exercise of which is essential to responsible citizenship in a democracy. One frequently hears these immigrant workers sharply criticised because, having come to America to enjoy the advantages guaranteed by our free institutions, they are so aggressive in their expression of discontent with conditions as they find them in American industry. As a matter of fact, their discontent is not with America, but with Americans who fail to make American ideals their daily guides to conduct in politics and business. Their fault is that they take our professed democratic ideals seriously and literally. Their worship of democracy is ardent; their sense of the responsibilities of democratic citizenship is a vital part of their daily lives. And taking these responsibilities seriously they feel that they cannot permit their work at the machine so to exhaust them that their energy and will for the exercise of intelligent citizenship are destroyed. To them the forty-four hour week "insures to all workers the essential minimum of leisure not only to enjoy life but also to become better workers and better citizens."

At a time when democracy is being subjected to tests of unprecedented severity throughout the world, this attitude toward better citizenship and better workmanship is both inspiring and reassuring. Democracy has too often been interpreted as a release from responsibility rather than as a challenge to new and more exacting responsibilities. As a result its opponents have been able with a certain appearance of truth to charge it with slackness, corruption and inefficiency. One of the favorite claims of the defenders of the old German autocracy was that in every direction their form of government developed a more efficient and responsible citizenship. They charged that the workers in democratic countries were perpetually seeking to evade responsibility, to limit output rather than to foster high standards of production, and that this tendency toward ca'canny and slacking was a fatal weakness of the democratic nations. That they themselves secured efficiency through arbitrary and dictatorial methods at the risk of personal liberty seemed to them unimportant. It was "human nature" to do as little work as possible. The political corruption and industrial inefficiency of the democratic nations marked them for destruction.

To meet the exactions of the war, the democratic nations did, as a matter of fact, have to resort to a measure of arbitrary compulsion to remove limitations on output and to enforce standards of efficient production. The war seems clearly to have demonstrated that the future of democracy depends in no small degree upon the capacity of employers and workers to harmonize democratic ideals of freedom with the voluntary self-discipline essential to efficient production. Whatever the form of government, no modern nation can hope to survive and prosper whose economic and industrial life is shot through with the spirit of slacking and sabotage.

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No group of men in America has a keener appreciation of this fact than the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union. They are among the first of the organized labor bodies to cooperate with their more enlightened employers in the development standards of efficient output. No principle has been more strongly emphasized by their leaders than "the right of the employer to efficiency." They have persisted in their demand for the shorter work week not only because of the workers' right to leisure but also because long hours are among the most fruitful cause of inefficient production. The needle trades are notoriously seasonal trades. Workers can count on the average upon hardly more than thirty weeks of employment during the year—from fourteen to twenty weeks of continuous work and an approximately equal amount made up of a day or two a week during the remainder of the year. This irregularity of employment breaks down morale among the workers whose economic security during half of the year is precarious; it destroys the spirit of craftsmanship; it keeps expensive and costly plants idle for an extravagantly large part of the time. The reduction of weekly hours will compel an equalization of employment from season to season; it will compel more scientific methods of accountancy and management; it will reduce unemployment; in every direction it will tend to stimulate productive efficiency.

The initiative in bringing about this important industrial reform was taken by the workers; to them the credit for the achievement is primarily and principally due. But much credit is also due to certain of the leading manufacturers in the men's clothing industry. As on many other occasions, the firm of Hart, Schaffner and Marx of Chicago proved their faith in the processes of industrial democracy by reaching an agreement with the union through quiet and businesslike negotiation. For years this firm has been operating under what is practically a closed-shop agreement with the Amalgamated. They recognize the workers' right to continuous employment, fair wages and decent leisure as the workers recognize the firm's right to efficient service. As the result of their liberal attitude there was no strike in Chicago and no lockout. In the language of the union's official organ, there were "only friendly negotiations. . . . No sensational newspaper stories. No police and no courts of law. No comic opera heroics and no union-baiting lawyers. Just a plain commonsense discussion by fellow human beings representing different parties to the issue, seeking a solution of the problem. Production was continued while the discussion was going on. The workers received their wages regularly, the firm filled its orders uninterruptedly. In due course the forty-four hour week was agreed upon and the workers were so informed."

This action by Hart, Schaffner and Marx meant that similar action throughout the industry was only a matter of time. Their decision was authoritative for the industry because during a period of years they had given a practical demonstration that the spirit of industrial democracy applied in cooperation with a responsible union pays in financial returns, pays in quality of workmanship, pays in terms of good will and human life and in terms of democratic citizenship. As the immigrants who so largely composed the union of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have forged their way into a position of leadership among American wage-workers, so such firms as Hart, Schaffner and Marx are taking a position of leadership in the practical application of democratic methods and American ideals to the management of American industry. It is entirely possible that to such employers and their immigrant workmen, whose devotion to our American democratic ideals was kindled into living flame by their experience of European autocracies, America may yet be indebted for a rational and peaceful progression through political into industrial democracy. For the leisure for the enjoyment of life which the forty-four hour week does so much to assure is one of the main objectives of the revolutions which are establishing new forms of government in Europe.

The Conference With Russia

A CRUDE, yet usually valid test of the impartiality of an umpire is the universal protests of the contending parties. Judged by this test the action of the Supreme Council in the matter of Russia was entirely impartial, Miliukoff, Sazonoff, and the other representatives of anti-Bolshevik factions, with the Social Revolutionaries the sole exception, want nothing to do with the conference on Princes' Island. Neither does Chicherin appear to accept it eagerly in behalf of the Soviet government.

For the several Russian factions are not interested in a restoration of order at the present time. They are interested in realizing their own particular ambitions; and they can not see how this can be done except through force. The Supreme Council's declarations in effect lay down principles that defeat the purposes of every faction. "They recognize the revolution without reservation and will in no way, and in no circumstances aid or give countenance to any attempt at a counter revolution." But what is the Kolchak, Deni-

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kin, Sazonoff movement but a counter revolution, definitely aiming at a restoration of the monarchy, perhaps under constitutional form, but still a monarchy? That movement has not the least chance of prevailing without foreign aid. The appeals of its representatives abroad leave no doubt on this point. Even a few divisions of Allied troops would infuse heart into the movement, it is said. Or if that can not be granted, let the leaders of the movement raise volunteers and borrow money in Allied countries. The whole interventionist tactics of the counter revolution is a confession of inherent weakness. And if the hope of foreign aid is gone, everything is gone, for them.

Recognition of the revolution is a mortal blow at the reactionary factions. The Bolsheviki in turn received a thrust that might prove fatal in the stipulation that there must be a truce of arms and that "all armed forces anywhere sent or directed against any people or territory inside the boundaries of European Russia as they stood before the war, or against Finland, or against any people or territory whose autonomous action is in contemplation in the fourteen articles upon which the present negotiations are based, shall be meanwhile withdrawn and aggressive military action cease." That means that the Bolshevist forces pressing against the Esthonians, Lithuanians, Poles, Ukrainians, and Czecho-Slovaks must not merely fold their arms: they must be withdrawn to territory that is indisputably under the jurisdiction of the Soviet government. This at the moment when the military preponderance of the Soviet forces appears everywhere to be establishing itself, and when the Bolsheviki are cherishing high hopes of extending their rule throughout the former confines of European Russia—barring Poland and Finland, of course. The partition of Russia affected by the Germans at Brest Litovsk is one thing the Soviet authorities are expected to underwrite when they are asked to declare such a truce. But they are well aware that such an arrangement might entail their complete overthrow in the end.

Suppose that at the time when the Constitutional forces were driving everything before them in their progress toward Mexico City we had demanded that they come into a parley with Huerta, meantime declaring a truce and withdrawing their forces from territory not indisputably under their control. Would they have accepted the proposal with alacrity? Certainly not. In accepting it at all they would have incurred grave risk of losing what they had gained. So it is with the Bolsheviki. They are extending their sway, consolidating their gains, but time is of the essence of their operations. After a truce, quite possibly, the most they can do will be to effect a compromise.

Yet it is doubtful that the Bolsheviki will feel themselves strong enough to refuse to enter the conference, if the other factions decide to send representatives. Behind all factions stand the masses of the Russian people, weary of war and disorder. They are tolerant of Bolshevist rule rather than staunch partisans of it. They are tolerant of it because they see in it the only guaranty that the fruits of the revolution will not be snatched away by the reaction. They fear the restoration of the monarchy, and more, the restoration of the landlord.

But now when they are given the solemn assurance of the associated Allied Powers that no interference in their domestic affairs is contemplated, that no aid will be given to the counter revolution, will they be tolerant of a flat rejection by the Bolsheviki of an invitation to a conference which might lead to a settlement of Russia's more serious troubles?

What such a conference might accomplish is another matter. It might have no positive results whatever. But it would open a means of communication between Russia and the western world. After conferring at Princes' Island the Allies could hardly refuse longer to send competent commissions of inquiry into Russia, to determine the facts now beclouded by propaganda. We should begin to learn the truth and so should the Russians. And once both sides learn the truth, the quarrel between Russia and the rest of the world will dwindle to insignificant proportions. They want freedom, and the western peoples, if not the western governments, want them to have it. We want an end of the disorder and brutality of civil war in Russia. So do the Russian people, if not the Russian factions.

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Your Amish Mennonite

THESE poor fools of conscientious objectors, let them be fools. Let them be dogs. An officer is an officer and a gentleman. Does a gentleman take a dog and hold him under a drench of ice-water till he faints and then take him out-doors and race him till he faints and then drag him back under the shower till he faints again? And does a gentleman take a dog and tie him down and pound him with water from a hydrant-hose till he yelps into hysteria and then goes dumb into unconsciousness?

I am interested to know if our army intends to continue to harbor such gentlemen. And I am interested to know something else. I happen to be among those who believe in permanent general liability to military service. Our coming army may be large, or it may be small. In either case I believe it should be filled not by adventurous professionals but by selected citizens. I see no reason why my son should be able to grow up to avoid his turn of duty in it. He seems normal. But what of the man who knows, as firmly as any early Christian could ever have known it, that God has forbidden him to kill? What of a Mennonite?

I might have been born a Mennonite; and so might you, General Leonard Wood. Birth is no respecter of persons. Being a Mennonite, you are a member of a sect which has existed ever since Conrad Grebel thought of it at Zurich in 1525. You are baptized not by sprinkling and not by immersing but always by pouring. When the pouring is done, the minister kisses you. If you are a woman, he very properly kisses you by proxy—by another woman. You advocate, and you practice, the rite of the washing of the feet of the brethren. And you look upon the state with distrust. You are averse to running for sheriff or for county commissioner. You object to taking oaths. And for almost three hundreds years you have objected to war.

But you may even be an Amish Mennonite. Jacob Amen was a great reformer, among the Mennonites, in the seventeenth century, in the Alps. He had two especially conspicuous ideals. One is that you ought never to clip your beard. The other is that you ought never to wear buttons. He lived before buttons began to be made out of the South American tagua-nut. The buttons of the Alps in the seventeenth century were all made out of bones of slaughtered animals. You object to the slaughtering of animals. Therefore you object to buttons. And therefore you are on your way to being one of the great disciplinary problems of the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth. In the theological vocabulary of that institution you are a Hook-and-Eye Mennonite.

The great war comes. You are drafted. And you go to camp. There you are amazed to find that you are "German Propaganda." The German General Staff, besides inventing Bolshevism, had a retroactive bureau through which it invented Mennonism. You begin to feel almost at home. If you are crazy, you at any rate are not alone in it. You try to persuade your commanding officer that a German name may come from Switzerland. He "segregates" you in a building marked "Quarantined."

It is a building full of contagious consciences. It is reserved exclusively for conscientious objectors. Most of them are suffering from religion. Eighty per cent of all the objectors examined by the War Department's Board of Inquiry (consisting of Major Stoddard, Dean Stone of Columbia, and Judge Mack) were found to be "religious" objectors. But there are objectors "non-religious". There are objectors "humanitarian" and objectors "internationalistic" and objectors of several other groups, besides objectors simply instinctive and individual and ungroupable.

Most of them are sincere. In fact, among those who persisted to the end, almost all were sincere. The Board of Inquiry divided the sincere from the not sincere. Less than ten per cent were found not sincere. The others proved their sincerity by their personal records—by their known way of life before being drafted and by their known conduct under pressure and often under torture after being drafted.

Your case, General Wood, is simple. As a Mennonite, you are really beyond suspicion. Your sincerity is readily proved and is finally fully admitted. For the chance to prove it—to prove it to a Board impartial and learned—you are indebted, genuinely indebted, to Mr. Baker and to Mr. Baker's third Assistant Secretary Mr. Keppel. Mr. Baker and Mr. Keppel took the pains to make the Board; and they also took several other pains.

They stretched the Selective Service law. Under the law, if you were a conscientious objector, you were to be exempted from combatant service and you were to be assigned to non-combative service. But, under the law, you could not qualify as a conscientious objector unless you belonged to a religious body officially opposed to war. You could not qualify unless you were a member of a

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sect composed entirely of conscientious objectors. You could not qualify if you were a Roman Catholic or if if you were a Methodist or if you were an Orthodox Jew or if you were one of those occasional persons who, without belonging to any religious body whatsoever, are nevertheless faithful followers of an inner light, supernatural or secular, forbidding them to kill. The law was narrower than conscience. It was narrower than fact. Mr. Baker and Mr. Keppel stretched it, lawfully, through executive orders from the Commander-in-Chief. They stretched it to include all sincere objectors, sectarian and non-sectarian.

Also, in drawing up their list of varieties of non-combatant service to be offered to conscientious objectors, they drew it up long and very varied, offering many choices.

Also, when Congress passed the Farm Furlough law, they seized upon it and took it to a great number of difficult conscientious objectors and said: "If you will not repair railroads in the rear of the zone of operations in France, and if you will not shoe horses in a Quartermaster remount-depot in Texas, will you at least go and hoe corn, under military orders, in a private corn-field anywhere?"

In these things Mr. Baker and Mr. Keppel went far beyond general public sentiment. Colonel Roosevelt was for putting all conscientious objectors on mine-sweepers—a policy disastrous to mine-sweeping but equally disastrous, I suppose he hoped, to the conscientious objectors. A young woman who was with child by a soldier refused to marry him when he afterwards laid claim to a conscience against war; she was resolute in preferring a child with no father to a child with such a father. If Mr. Baker and Mr. Keppel had obeyed that detestable theory of democracy which binds a public servant to every uninstructed superstition of the majority of their fellow-citizens, they would have had mobs of conscientious objectors massacred on the western front. They rose, in fact, and by help of fact, well above superstition. And they are able to claim that their methods achieved a great ultimate numerical success.

In our camps, drafted, there were probably some 5,500 conscientious objectors. Mr. Baker and Mr. Keppel urged the commanding officers to speak with the tongues of angels and of serpents and to do their military best peacefully to beguile those 5,500 zealots into peacefully accepting non-combatant service. More than 4,000 did accept it. Next: the farm furlough. More than 1,000 accepted the farm furlough. And there you are! The residue is only a few hundred.

Only a few hundred! Alfred Dreyfus was only one. Some difficulties cannot be brought to settlement numerically. This is among them. How can it be settled by permitting a long series of atrocities upon conscientious objectors and then, for reparation, transferring four officers and honorably discharging two others? How can it be settled by releasing a certain number of conscientious objectors from Fort Leavenworth on the ground that by administrative fault they were never offered farm furloughs? Truly they were never offered them. But, equally truly, they might have refused them. Many conscientious objectors, being offered them, did refuse them. And they are still in their cells at Fort Leavenworth. The release was a subterfuge. The men still in their cells are the unanswered question. Is twenty years' imprisonment to be the answer to Mennonism? It is the attempted present official standard answer. Because:

For any absolute Mennonite, for any absolute conscientious objector, the offer of non-combatant service, the offer of a farm furlough, the offer of anything under military orders, is nothing but the automatic prelude to a court martial. And our courts martial, addressing themselves to crimes, to crimes serious and to crimes trivial, to crimes of vice or of disease or of conscience or of inadvertence or of any other origin, are in the habit of imposing sentences promiscuously of ten years, of twenty years, of thirty years, of forty years. Our courts martial are themselves barbarisms, and their sentences are themselves atrocities. It is a system, and we have done nothing to shake the structure of it. It stands, it stands as a precedent for peace-time, and for every future war-time. Mr. Baker may not be a Napoleonic administrator, but he has indeed a great measure of Lincolnian Democratic impulse and high statecraft; and it is unworthy of him to let this system so stand. He has a duty to revise it to its foundations before he leaves office, and he revises it not at all when he takes a conscientious objector who is not a criminal and offers him an escape under military orders to a safe and healthy job on a farm, gets his automatic brave refusal, and then simply surrenders him to an ordinary criminal barbarous court martial and an ordinary criminal atrocious punishment.

It is for Mr. Baker to set a new precedent for all future American time in this matter. It is for him, because he is a man who can see and who knows that the absolute conscientious objector cannot possibly take any job whatsoever to which he is directed by military authority. And Mr. Baker knows, on the other hand, that an absolute conscientious objector will often take a peculiarly unsafe and a peculiarly unhealthy job on his own impulse.

There was an objector who by mistake was sent to France. In the face of the enemy he refused

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to fight. He was court martialed and sentenced to be shot. But the sentence was stayed. In the interval between its imposition and its expected execution the objector spent his time in No Man's Land picking up wounded men and bringing them back into our trenches in the face of the enemy and the enemy's hurricane fire. He did it on his own impulse. It was not a military order. And in Fort Leavenworth today, sometimes in solitary confinement, there is a conscientious objector who is a regular professional hero, accoladed by the Carnegie Hero Commission for risking his life saving the life of a drowning girl. He did it on his own impulse. I suppose that if his sergeant had told him to jump in he would have stood rooted to the spot. If you are an "absolutist" your capacity for refusing military orders is infinite.

You are taken out in front of your "Quarantined" building and told to stand at attention. You refuse and immediately put yourself in an attitude of deliberate inattention. You are told to sign certain papers entitling you to get letters from home. You refuse; they are military papers; and you go without the letters from home. You are told to shave. You refuse; it is a military order, and it is contrary to the order of God. In some camps you and your fellows are treated most considerately, most persuasively. In some other camps you are surrendered to the brutality of any brutal under-officer and of any brutal soldier. They spit upon you. They break riding-whips upon you. They attack you with fists and sticks. They hold you head down in the filth of the latrine. And perhaps Mr. Baker's orders on March 20th, 1919, with its list of varieties of non-combatant service to be offered you, has not come. It took the War Department ten months to make that list. Your commanding officer perhaps gets impatient. He orders you to sow grass on the hospital lawn. You refuse. Never will you do any work under the order of Mr. Baker's department of blood and slaughter. You are court martialed to forty years in jail.

You are sent to serve it, perhaps to Fort Jay in New York. There you are ordered, militarily ordered, to work. You refuse. You are put into solitary confinement. There is a little hole for light in the roof. There is a little hole for light in the door. In the hole in the door there is a grating. You are chained to the grating. You stand. You stand in your underwear and bare feet. You get two slices of bread and a drink of water three times a day. You get no washing water. At night, when you are loosed from your chains you are delivered to insects. You roll them off your body in little knotted lumps. For fourteen days you inhabit this cell. Then you are sent out doors with an axe and with rations. You are to find your own firewood and make your own fire and cook your own food and live the life of the desert island, and not so bad. You do it for fourteen days. And then you go back to the solitary cell and the darkness and the starvation and the vermin and the chains. And, by the letter of our system, you may go on alternating between the desert and the cell for forty years.

Mr. Baker has now abolished the chains. The rest remains.

But perhaps you were not court martialed before Mr. Baker's order of March 20th, 1918. Perhaps you were offered non-combatant service under that order. Perhaps later, you were even offered a farm furlough. You refuse and refuse and refuse, and you find yourself perhaps at Camp Funston. The top officer in that district, General Wood, was you. You have a conscience. And because of what you did under the prompting of your conscience on behalf of our army you have been regarded by Mr. Baker, so people say, as an "insubordinate" officer. You have suffered for "insubordination." Doubtless you never knew what your under-officers at Camp Funston did to conscientious objectors who could not subordinate themselves to military work orders. But doubtless you will be interested to know.

Certain of those officers devised a combination of a sort of "water cure" and wake-cure. The idea was to break the consciences of conscientious objectors by breaking their rest and by breaking their physical nervous systems. If you had been born a Mennonite they would have been doing it to you.

They march you round the guard-house for a long time. They take you in and shower you. They march you again. They shower you again. You lie on your cot. They wake you and march you and shower you. You sleep. They wake you and make you march. You begin to be weak. You lag. They throw you to the ground and beat you. They prick you with bayonets. You struggle on. You do not struggle fast enough. They step on your hands and sprain your ankle and still force you to march with each step a thrill of agony. You protest. You go on a hunger-strike. They raise you from your cot and hurl you under the shower. You collapse under the shower. You lie on your cot in coma. You are hurled outdoors into the cooler air and revived and hustled round the guard house on your feet and on your hands, a rolling bundle of physical nervous wreckage. And again you are held under cold water till the marrow of you is ice. And you are a baby now. You cry and shriek and blather and scream and

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cannot stop. And officers and gentlemen cause this sort of thing to be done to you for two whole weeks.

On your honor, General Wood, do you think that the transferring of four officers and the discharging, "honorably," of two others, is an adequate reparation for such Hunnishness and an adequate guaranty against its recurrence? Is there not a duty for you as well as for Mr. Baker?

Of course Hunnishness did not cure you of Mennonism. You still refuse to hoe corn under military orders. And you are court-martialed and sent to a Fort Leavenworth. The solitary cells at Fort Leavenworth are much better than the solitary cells at Fort Jay. Soon you are installed in one of them. To your right and to your left, in other cells, there are other conscientious objectors. Some of them come from universities and all refinements. Others come from the back-woods and the rough labor of hard won crops. All are leveled now in our view of them and in our treatment of them to the level of the thief and the pimp. Some of them will not wear prison clothes. Prison clothes have buttons. The hair of these men, on their heads and on their faces, is soft and curling. It is never clipped. Their skins are pale. Their eyes are eyes of physical suffering and of mystical suffering. They have dwelt on the mystical teachings of Oriental prophecy and of Oriental non-resistance. Their eyes and their beards are familiar. An officer, an ordinary officer, with an ordinary conscience, goes by that row of cells. And he says afterwards: "I went away as soon as I could. I was sauntering. I turned my head and looked through one of the gratings, and there was Jesus Christ."

I would not permit Jesus Christ himself, as man, however much I worshipped him, to escape his manhood duty of military service without doing some alternative service. If such a man refused to do that alternative service under military orders, I would offer it to him under civilian orders. If he refused to do it under civilian orders, I would confine him. I would confine him in civilian surroundings appropriate to his character, which by no stretch of mendacity can be called that of a criminal. I would confine him for a period somewhat longer than the military service period. But military criminal courts-martial, military criminal life-long sentences, military criminal solitary-confinement body-breaking prisons, for such men! In practice it proves itself to be loathsome; and as a precedent it strikes at the whole future development of America's own conscience and common sense.

WILLIAM HARD.

The New Balance of Power

WHILE the Peace Conference is sending a commission to study the situation in Poland, the practical Allied diplomacy has not suspended its old pursuits. Clemenceau and Lloyd George may be discussing international principles and policies with President Wilson at Paris, but the practical Foreign Ministries of France and Great Britain cannot of course be expected to stop their activities in certain directions and await the decisions of the academic Conference. So in Warsaw and in Odessa, in Belgrade and in Bucharest, the diplomatic agents of the Allies are not idle. They are giving shape to a new structure, built on the same old foundations. There is a larger significance to the Franco-British backing of the imperialistic Dmowski-Paderewski group against the liberalism of the pseudo-democratic Pilsudski than appearances would indicate. Recent events in Poland have a vital bearing upon the future relations of Russia and Germany, and, consequently, upon the peace of Europe and the world. The old balance of power, centering in the Balkans, at least brought about the division between the Teutonic and Russian monarchies. The new balance is being built on the banks of the Vistula, and is even more perilous to permanent peace because of the union it will tend to promote between Germany and Russia, as against the rest of Europe.

It is a fact that France sponsored the Polish National Committee formed in Paris by Poles of undisguised imperialistic tendencies, and gave it the support which led to its recognition by the Allies and the United States as the provisional government of Poland. But what was it that made France adopt this course? The collapse of autocratic Russia. The interests of France, according to the conception of French diplomacy, required the presence of a powerful ally of France east of Germany. Imperial Russia saved France in 1914-16. Great Britain is insular and uncertain. America is too remote and aloof. A defensive-offensive alliance with the first would not save France from being overwhelmed by Germany in the event of another war. As for the second, it would never commit itself to any entangling al-

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liance. The only alternative before France was the erection of an ally in the east, either through the restoration of imperial Russia, whether autocratic or democratic, or the creation of a mighty Polish empire.

This view of the French diplomats conceived in 1917 had much that was sound and justifiable in it at the time, in spite of the very large contribution made by France to the disastrous Allied diplomacy which alienated democratic Russia from the Entente. One could even argue that a liberal and far-sighted French statesmanship would never have allowed revolutionary Russia to abandon France and withdraw from the family of democratic nations. But after the Russian debacle had taken place it was natural for the French government to go in search for new allies in the east. The Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs were, after many futile attempts on their part, suddenly raised to a position in relation to the Allies which was beyond their own hopes. But Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, with all their imperialistic aspirations, could each muster only a bare twelve million of population. It was altogether different with Poland, or at least with the Polish National Committee of Paris. The gentlemen of this committee had vision. Ethnographic Poland contained a population of 20,000,000 Poles, including 3,000,000 Jews, in 1914. The Poland of the quasi-radical Pilsudski and Daszynski embraced, in addition to Poland proper, only Lithuania and some sections of Germany and Ukraine, making a total of 28,000,000 inhabitants. The Poland of Paderewski was somewhat better—it numbered 35,000,000 subjects. The Poland of another musical gentleman, Stokowski, numbered 38,000,000 people. But Poland of the leading spirit of the Paris Committee, Roman Dmowski, went even further.

Numerically, Dmowski's Poland would constitute, in his own words, "a new power representing between 35,000,000 and 40,000,000 people." But its most attractive features were historical and geographical. First, it demanded the restoration with but slight modifications of that monstrous imperial edifice named Poland which existed before the first partition of 1772. And a historical claim of the nature of "Let Poland be restored as it was before the partitions!" is an appealing argument in a world panting for justice. What does it matter if that Poland was a conglomeration of nationalities in comparison with which defunct Austria and Hungary would be ideal states? What does it matter if the Poland of 1772 was only one-sixth Polish, containing large slices of Great Russia, White Russia, Ukraine, Prussia, Lettonia, and all of Lithuania?

But the second feature of Dmowski's Poland was even more attractive. It was styled "the Baltic League." It called for a "union" of Poland with Lithuania, Lettonia, Esthonia, Finland, and even Denmark and Sweden. Poor little Lithuania, weeps the Polish imperialist, a mere five millions! How could it ever manage alone? No, it must not be deserted, it shall not be deserted, by its sister—Poland. Lithuania must be taken care of. As to the Letts, Esths and Finns, they will simply be overwhelmed by Germany, completing Germany's domination of the Baltic, since Russia, it is said, has disappeared as a Baltic power. What is the solution? The formation of a Baltic League with Poland in the role of "protector" to the fledgling Baltic nationalities. Incidentally this would create an ally of France in the east of some magnitude, stretching across Europe if Rumania be included from the Black Sea to the Arctic Ocean.

Incredible as it may seem French diplomacy identified itself with this grotesque scheme. We have the word of Roman Dmowski for it. He let the cat out of the bag when he was in the United States last fall, declaring in a public statement that a secret semi-official conference took place in Paris in the spring of 1918 to plan the formation of a Baltic League. Whether France committed itself to the scheme to the extent of entering into a secret pact with the Polish National Committee is unknown. But what is known is the fact that without France and the cooperation of the British Foreign Office the Polish National Committee would never have achieved power in Poland. With the Allies back of them Paderewski and his associates made at first an effort to coerce Pilsudski's government into resigning. Upon its refusal to do so an attempt was made to overthrow it by a coup d'etat. Through the application of Allied pressure Pilsudski was finally persuaded to hand over the reins of the government to the gentlemen of the Paris Committee.

The astounding phase of it all is the continuation by France of the policy of cooperation with the Dmowski clique, as if the German revolution had not meanwhile occurred. One would have expected the abandonment by France of the attempt to create a powerful eastern ally in Poland, and the inauguration of a policy of reconciliation toward the German democracy. But French diplomacy does not recognize a German democracy, for French diplomacy does not acknowledge the German revolution. It prefers to entertain the vision of a German menace, although there is no such menace today, and a policy of generosity on the part of France would make the German people their friends forever. So the old diplomats are

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engaged in driving Germany into the arms of Russia, even as they but a year ago drove democratic Russia into the clutches of militarist Germany. Already the moral foundation has been laid for a Russo-German alliance. Both nations have been alienated, by the utter stupidity of Allied policy, from the western democracies. The patching up of a Polish empire creates that centripetal force which will draw Russia and Germany together irrespective of the governments heading them.

To make Poland powerful France is clamoring for Allied military support of the new Polish puppet government, ostensibly as part of its campaign against Bolshevism in Lithuania, Ukraine, Lettonia, Esthonia, and White Russia, but really in order to subject these territories to Poland. In the distorted news from Warsaw these countries exist only as parts of Poland flooded by Bolshevism. In this manner it is possible to use Bolshevism as a cloak to hide the real objects of imperialism. The French policy of siding with imperialist Poland is responsible for the alienation of the Ukrainians, with whom the Poles are in a state of war. The Ukrainians have not even been given the opportunity of sending a national delegation to Paris. And there are 30,000,000 Ukrainians. Already the aggression of the semi-imperialistic government of Pilsudski has forced Ukraine to conclude an agreement with Bolshevist Russia. Can there be any doubt that a huge Polish empire would drive all Ukraine, including Ruthenia, completely into the fold of Soviet Russia?

An imperial Poland is much more likely to succumb to Bolshevism than a legitimate Polish state. A government which has been imposed upon the people from abroad is bound to collapse sooner or later. Poland is now nearer to revolution than before. Should such an upheaval occur, Bolshevism would advance at one leap from the Bug to the Oder. Not only would it signify the doom of the new balance of power; it would enormously facilitate the "Bolshevization" of Germany, which, of course, means a Russo-German fusion.

But suppose Germany resists Bolshevism and continues to develop national-political democracy. There is no sign that this democracy would be accorded such treatment by the Allied governments, and especially by that of France, as to make it a contented member of the west European family of nations. The revolutionary democracy of Russia is heartily in sympathy with German democracy. The latter would naturally turn to the former for support in the event of being pressed by the Polish imperialists in the east or the Allied governments in the west. Again the result would be a Russo-German alliance.

The rise of a national-political democracy in Russia in place of Bolshevism would mean the reappearance of Russia as a Baltic power and its consequent clash with Polish imperialism. A similar clash of interests is unavoidable between Germany and a "Baltic League." Both Russia and Germany are naturally Baltic powers. The German and Russian democracies would find themselves paying enormous contributions to the Allies, the former paying the indemnities brought upon its head by the Hohenzollerns and Junkers, the other paying debts contracted by the Tsars. Both would need each other economically and be drawn together by external political forces. And the outcome would be a Russo-German union.

Again there exists the remote possibility—but a possibility nevertheless—of a recrudescence of autocracy in some form or other in Russia. It would be ludicrous to suppose, as some of the Allied diplomats supporting certain Russian royalists do, that a revived Russian autocracy would maintain the same suicidal relations with France and Britain as existed in 1914. It would be an autocracy more alert to its own interests, and would surely work for the revival of monarchism in Prussia. The Teutonic and Russian autocracies would hardly repeat the old error of opposing each other, but would follow the logical and natural course of union.

A Polish empire containing forty per cent Poles and sixty per cent Ukrainians, Germans, Lithuanians, Letts, White Russians, and Jews, could not long exist in modern Europe were it even the spontaneous creation of a profound national imperialistic movement. The day for a rechaining of the races that once made up the Polish state is gone forever. These races are fully awake to the call of nationalism. Only violent force can subject them to Polish rule. The Polish imperialists, lacking support at home, went abroad to obtain the force necessary for the realization of their ambitions. French diplomacy gave them its support and is endeavoring to secure Allied aid for them, in order to build a new balance of power against a Germany which is treading new paths and groping toward a new light. The terrible irony of this diplomatic game is its certainty to react disastrously on France itself. Russia and Germany will not tolerate a patched-up empire between them, constructed at their expense. Imperial Poland will be attacked by Russia and Germany, and a new world war, springing from the old imperialist game of the balance of power, will be the result.

In such a war Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia can be counted upon to side with France. But can Italy be relied upon? Assuming that no revolution occurs in Rome the probability is that Italy, denied

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most of her imperialistic aspirations at the present Peace Conference, would find it in her interests to abandon France, even as she abandoned the Triple Alliance in 1915, and join Russia and Germany in a war which in the event of victory would render the Adriatic an Italian lake and swell Italy's colonial possessions, notably in Africa and the Near East.

The new balance of power must be abandoned at its very inception. If it is allowed to develop, it will bring on another international disaster, league of nations or no league of nations. France must simply rise above petty passions and diplomatic traditions and stretch a hand of brotherhood and magnanimity to the German people, instead of treating them as a menace and building barriers of dynamite along her border. Poland should be united in its ethnographic limits only, not raised to the position of oppressor of half a dozen nationalities and not juggled into an untenable position to balance a new unstable equilibrium. Poland should maintain the friendliest of relations with the Ukrainians, Russians, Lithuanians, Germans, and Czecho-Slovaks. In order to give it access to the sea Danzig should be made a free port. To settle the differences with Ukraine and Germany a plebiscite should be taken in all the disputed territories. Lemberg with its immediate vicinity, which is a little Polish island in Ruthenia, should be made an autonomous principality. Lithuania and the other Baltic peoples should be left in peace by Poland, and allowed to settle their own destinies. Such a Poland would have the support of all mankind, and would rapidly attain distinction as a great cultural centre in Europe.

ISAAC DON LEVINE.

A Step in Internationalism

PERHAPS the most complete form of international control ever exercised was that of the various inter-Allied councils responsible during the war for the division amongst the Allies of the world's critically limited supplies of shipping, food, raw materials, and munitions. Born of the supreme war necessity of using the cargo space of every ship from overseas to the maximum of efficiency, these councils developed step by step to an absolutely complete domination of Allied resources. Through them alone was it possible to summon from the seven seas the undoubted economic supremacy of the Allies and focus it through the narrow neck of the bottle of a dangerously limited tonnage to the destruction of Germany. The competition and wrangling which had existed previously among the Allies were ironed out; the extreme claims of nationalistic greed and selfishness were cut down; and each nation, knowing exactly what the others actually needed and were securing, was willing to make sacrifices in the knowledge that the others were doing likewise.

Take, for instance, the fundamental problem of food. Each of the Allied nations had been reduced to a very real threat of starvation, and it was obvious that the world's shipping would not begin to replenish the exhausted reserves. In each country, however, as finally worked out, the food controller drew up what he felt to be the minimum of food imports on which his country could subsist over the next twelve months. This estimate was sent, with the estimates of the other countries, to the inter-Allied Food Council, which immediately made an intensive study of the actual necessities in each case. Often readjustments were made, surplus stocks in special lines interchanged, substitutes suggested and ways and means found to reduce the need for shipping.

When, however, the inter-Allied food budget had been reduced to its lowest figure it was submitted in turn to the inter-Allied Maritime Transport Council, together with similar inter-Allied budgets for munitions, raw materials, and other imports. The total of all was checked against the total amount of shipping available to the Allied governments, and, as there was always an excess of freight over tonnage available, two steps were immediately taken. The world's shipping was recanvassed to see if other vessels could not be impressed into service, and the various budgets were cut down as best they could be until freight and shipping space more closely approximated. In our original example of food, for instance, the grand total of shipping requested by the inter-Allied Food Council was reduced and the figure which could be supplied for that purpose returned to the Food Council. The Food Council thereupon had to readjust its schedule between the various nations. The controllers in turn, knowing exactly the seriousness of the situation and realizing that there was no avenue of betterment, set for themselves the stringent domestic measures necessary.

The spirit of international cooperation, good will, confidence, and mutual sacrifice which alone made such a scheme possible may readily be realized. It was a tremendous advance towards internationalism indeed, when Italy agreed to forego almost essential imports of coal, as an example, in order that England might have more cotton. At the same time it required the up-building of a most elaborate structure for securing information and statistics in order that the information on which action was based might be both exact

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and instantly available. Similarly a trained personnel of an entirely new type of mind able to subordinate local and national demands to the international good had to be developed.

It is an extraordinary fact that this priceless organization, which many regarded as the practical groundwork for a working league of nations, threatened to fall apart immediately after the armistice. Not that the problems to be handled were any less acute; indeed, with the demands of Central Europe and Russia added they became infinitely more acute; but rather that the spirit which had forced the institution of international control during the war fell away the moment peace seemed imminent. Most extraordinary of all, it was largely due to the particularist policy of the United States itself, the nation above all others which was pressing for internationalism.

Within a very short time the American representatives on several of the most important inter-Allied boards were withdrawn. Both Mr. Hurley in the shipping situation and Mr. Hoover in the food situation seemed to feel that the United States would be better served by independence of action than by continued international action. Originally the American delegates on the International Mercantile Transport Committee had urged the inclusion in the original armistice terms of a provision that the two to three million tons of shipping tied up in German and Austrian harbors be turned over to that committee for the relief of the liberated provinces of Central Europe, but Washington disapproved this provision, with the result that not till early January was the Austrian shipping made available and German shipping brought anywhere near the vital use for which European food shortage seemed to dedicate it.

The splitting off of America from this international cooperation caused deep concern in Allied capitals, as it was obvious that without her the whole bottom would fall out of the international relief work. A return to national selfishness was deplored, especially as it was realized that the United States could build up a rather unfair political gratitude in the sections succored. For a time affairs drifted on without much action one way or the other. Fortunately, however, President Wilson arrived in Europe before it was finally too late and the belief is now expressed that the situation will be saved through his intervention. The enormous advantages of the inter-Allied war boards as clearing-houses of information and as the instrumentalities of international cooperation were fully explained to him, with the result that the disruptive tendencies previously shown were brought to an end.

President Wilson saw at once the value of a continuance of these bodies and laid down a general policy that, while they should cease to function as war-bodies on the ground that the specific need which had called them forth had come to an end, they should be reestablished practically in toto as committees of the Peace Conference. This would mean that all the knowledge, experience, information, and trained personnel that had been developed to such an extraordinary extent in the war would go on as an integral part of the Peace Conference to solve the even larger problems of the reconstruction. The European nations are more than anxious to perpetuate these mediums of control and allocation and will make any concession possible to the United States to effect it.

This, then, will immediately vitalize the Peace Conference with channels of international government in the most essential fields of human interest. The Conference will be able to direct shipping and food and raw materials supplies, and will have at its disposal most effective weapons of international government, punishment, and reward. If previous international conferences have failed because they were purely academic, as in the case of the Hague, or purely selfish, as in the case of the Congress of Vienna, the forthcoming conferences may hope to succeed because they are made, both by power and by pooling of interests, effective forces. Those who expect to see internationalism evolve as most institutions in human life do evolve, by the gradual increase of power through steady accretion due to continued and growing exercise, look upon the assured taking over of these all-powerful but little seen war bodies by the Peace Conference as one of the most important practical milestones of international government.

ARTHUR SWEETSER.

Art versus Its Estimation

A GREAT deal has been made of the distinction between the fine and the applied arts whether the differentiation has been defended or attacked, but comparatively little attention has been paid to the distinction between the enjoyed and the "appreciated" arts. People often tell you that they are reading a story or going to a play or looking at an illustration "just for fun," whereas they read Henry James or see Ibsen or visit the current exhibitions for some other and presumably less frivolous purpose. Art is apparently important, not for the fun that one can get out of it, but for some reason that the books have a great deal to say about, which, it would seem, is rather obnoxious to common personal experience. Art, in short, has a prestige acknowledged not only by those who willingly concern themselves with it, but

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also by those who do not. Everywhere we find this acknowledgment, in our educational programmes, in the press, and even in our legislatures. In fact, the thing seems so obvious to the commonest understanding that almost no one denies it, and it is one of the few subjects on which Bolshevik and plutocrat are in accord. Art is good, not merely for the fun one can get out of it, but for some reason that is bound up with the altitudes. Higher levels of art appreciation are things good in themselves and a sign of comparative worthiness. Aspiring concern with good art is meritorious and should be encouraged in every possible way. People ought to go to museums and concerts and to read good poetry, whether they like it or not, just as they ought to brush their teeth and take a reasonable amount of exercise. The purer their interest in it, the more detached from any utilitarian purposes, the more laudable is their activity. Such in effect is the current doctrine to which every actual or hypothetical lover of the beautiful will naturally subscribe, and which in the main is supposed to be beyond discussion.

I do not think that it is beyond discussion. It is more nearly beneath discussion. I believe that it is false from A to Izzard, that the aesthetic is one of the least obligatory and most utilitarian things in the world, that to teach or formally to encourage the appreciation of art does more harm than good, that we have built up an enormous structure of twaddle, sophistication and bunkum concerning art, and that in the majority of the people that disseminate this nonsense there is no correspondence between their teachings and their genuine reactions. They set forth tradition instead of experience and convention instead of fact. Some of them pile up mountain heaps of scholarship that are as valuable as similar heaps in other fields—it's a great sport if you stick to the rules of the game, but it becomes mostly nonsense as soon as you let your left hand know what your right hand is doing.

Sur le pont d'Avignon
Tout le monde y danse en rond.

The scholars are intrinsically the most harmless of these people, or would be if they hid their lucubrations behind what Thomas Love Peacock once called "the decent obscurity of the learned tongues," but that mode, whether for good or evil, no longer prevails, and therefore scholarship helps valorously in furthering the pandemonium of essential mendacity. It would of course be impossible to make good these assertions in one thousand five hundred words, and therefore I propose to devote a series of papers to them.

It is hard to decide just where one might best plunge into the fray. As General Kearney said at the battle of Seven Pines,

"Go in anywhere Colonel;
You'll find splendid fighting along the whole line."

But everything comes in best before everything else, and yet it is not quite intelligible unless the other thing came before it, and therefore it would be really desirable to approach the matter polyphonically. However, in plain prose this cannot be done, and a choice must be made somewhere. Perhaps some elementary notions of aesthetics would serve best to introduce the subject.

If a tired person sits down in an armchair that is soft and spacious, yet enfolding, he might say "I am comfortable," or he might say "The chair is comfortable." In this distinction lies the threshold of aesthetics. A dog or at least an infra-human creature might conceivably have some consciousness of comfort, but to transfer that notion away from oneself and make it a character of an object, is to have objectified the emotion, as Santayana said, and to have passed into the field where objects recognizedly exist to serve one's personal ends. In the case of comfort of this simple type there is an ambiguity as to whether the comfort is in oneself or in the object, and so we state it either way. In more remote cases we do not have this choice of statement, even though there is no really essential difference in the conditions.

When looking at the Venus of Milo it is not customary to say "I feel beautiful." The eye is commonly regarded as one of the aesthetic senses, but what this quite simply means is that in this case the object is so definitely detached, so definitely at a distance, that no one except a philosopher can doubt that the quality is characteristic of the object and not of the observer. But if it were not for this definite remoteness, there would be no reason for not saying "I feel beautiful." The hypothetical infra-human, for example, who saw a fire at a distance, would have a feeling that would mean rather "I shall be more comfortable if I can get close to the fire," than a feeling that it is a comfortable fire which it would be desirable to approach. In the same way the original chair as a distant and desired object would present itself to a man desirous of repose as a comfortable chair, while to a self-conscious cat, if such there be, it would appear only as a condition of its own personal comfort.

I have not chosen this instance of comfort at random. Far otherwise, because I believe that in such instances as these the essential facts of aesthetic experience are contained, that the aesthetic factor in life is entirely the element of comfort and ease, that this is precisely the element that makes it so eminently utilitarian a function and that makes the conventional and now habitual attitude

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toward it so false and ineffectual. If a divorce is once accomplished between this primitive quality of the aesthetic (primitive both historically and analytically) and concern with aesthetic objects, the separation tends to become continually wider. The beautiful comes to dwell in the realms of the hifalutin, or the ideal, or whatever one chooses to call it, the distinctions between high art and low art, or fine art and applied art, come to being, and art climbs to the mountain tops, where only the pure in aesthetics are worthy to follow. All this, I repeat, is not a finer, a nobler world than that of the plain man's experiences. It is frequently something much less, for it is commonly made up in large part of knowledge about things instead of direct experience of them, and this is the very negation of aesthetics.

Of course in our present moment, when so much is being made of the theme of pure aesthetic experience and pure aesthetic purpose, when not only does the subject "not count," but when it is furthermore regarded as a limitation rather than a stimulus to creation, when we continue to exalt the works of a past that is to us dead in all the elements of its essential inspiration so that nothing but the qualities of "pure form" are any longer functional; in such a time a theory of aesthetics insisting upon so commonplace and limited a value for that element in life which is supposed to dwell apart and to be sacred from the uses of the world may seem to most particularly absurd. I believe of course that it is not so, but that the purest of aesthetic objects has the same elementary character of usefulness as that which makes an attractive form desirable in an advertisement; that rarity of occasion or complexity in the situation does in no wise affect the root matter, and that all possible usefulness of result can come from a recognition of the practical nature of aesthetics.

Of course those for whom the theory is strange or novel will easily think of many facts that seem obviously inconsistent with it. But we have to reckon, not only with the difficulties of the matter itself, but also with the methods of approach that are common in our highly sophisticated civilized life. In the first place, we do an endless lot of teaching which tries to make people see things that they do not feel. We have critics whose business is to appraise and not to realize, and many experiences are required of us, as cultured people, which we have never actually had. The mountain of this accumulated faked experience is huge beyond ordinary belief, so accustomed are we to take seeming for reality, and make-believe for actual happenings. Not satisfied with what is done in this line by the periodic press, the force of social routine, and the standards of social propriety, we make a virtue of deliberate encouragement in every possible way. Lectureships are endowed to supplement the established practices of our institutes of learning and people are stuffed with appreciation in our art galleries, instead of looking at the pictures for "the fun of it." For one whose capacity is genuinely increased, a dozen are debauched with learning.

Besides the schools we have the market-place. The social value of property in ostensibly beautiful things is enormous. It is notoriously difficult to sell works of art to rich collectors unless the price is high. Of course the price cannot be determined by the cost of production and is in fact conditioned by a number of things, but this much is certain, that the satisfaction got by the purchaser in the direct contemplation of the purchase is the least important element. None the less the price paid does affect the spectator's vision and only very callous people can see no difference between two pictures, otherwise identical, of which one cost hundreds and the other hundreds of thousands. It is only when we have swept aside all values of prestige, all values of tradition, all values that derive from anything but what the object as it stands can do for us, that we come down to bedrock and can consider the place of the beautiful as in itself "it really is."

LEO STEIN.

In a Mountain Park

Evening

Sharp and black on the red-gold sunset
Is etched a delicate pattern of firs.
Slowly the cloud-fires fade,
Then kindle again to the northward;
The red narrows and deepens on the horizon;
It lingers, a thread of crimson light behind the distan
peaks.
The gray-green dusk
Rises like an exhalation from the wooded slopes;
The deep blue mountains grow purple, and then black.
Cow-bells tinkle from the pastures;
In the spruces the west wind murmurs;
A little owl hoots softly in the woods below.

Night

Over peak and sculptured cañon is poured a flood of cryst
moonlight;
It silvers the pines and spruces,
It dims the high, clear stars.
Now from everywhere and nowhere
Breaks a faint, far peal of laughter;
Strangely it ends in a long shivering wail.
Calling, answering, soulless, silvery,
Heard light, not sound,
It circles the welkin like far-off heat lightning,
Flashing up, wavering, glimmering,
The moon-song of the little wolves,
The elfin nocturne of the coyotes.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

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Enter Aerial Commerce

THE remarks of Second Assistant Postmaster General Praeger at the recent banquet of aircraft manufacturers give an official cast to an idea which six months ago was not considered seriously by anyone but geniuses and enthusiasts. The subject of Mr. Praeger's remarks is commercial aviation. "Gentlemen, this is your field, this is your market." True, says the director of our Aerial Mail route, aircraft manufacturers must develop a better commercial "ship" than the "thinly disguised army planes" which they are still building. It must be one which can be landed in a city lot for repairs, as a motor car can be run to the curb, or, even better, one which can sustain flight despite disability, and need not come down for repairs at all.

"When you get this ship—and the man who doesn't believe it will come shortly has no place in aviation—then you will have a machine which will command a market by the side of which all your government orders will pale into insignificance."

There have been prophecies more astonishing than this with regard to navigating the air for commercial purposes, but nothing so official, and none from anyone who has directed, as Mr. Praeger has, a regularly operating aerial service. The peace-time airplane has never received more than a toy's consideration. Does the boldness of the Postmaster's prediction reflect a change in the aircraft world?

There is at least the psychological shift which attends the transition from war to peace. Men have been interested in the marvellous military success of aviation. But the fighting is over now, and they begin to ask what the speed of scouts and the carrying capacity of bombers may signify in a world reverting to trade and travel.

The mere putting of the question may somewhat account for Mr. Praeger's sanguinity. It calls attention to the fact that war, without intending to, has done a rather decent job for commerce. The plane that will land in a city lot has not been produced by the war, but that, producers say, is because landing in city lots has never been a highly important military problem. On the other hand, however, bombing has developed in such machines as the Caproni and Handley Page types which need not land to repair motor trouble because they are fitted with twin or triple engines, and need only one motor to sustain flight. And along with this development in safety—a development which technically if not yet practically meets Mr. Praeger's demand upon the commercial ship—comes raining in from the corners of the world a surprising shower of achievements pertinent to aerial commerce. A government expedition of four planes has gone from San Diego to Washington in 52 flying hours. The Andes have twice been crossed. A British Handley Page recently finished a 3,900 mile flight from Cairo to Delhi. The navy NC1 has carried fifty passengers, and aviators have played expressmen with everything from venison to pianos. To make a business of aerial freight and travel adaptations of flight equipment will be necessary, for all that has so far been done has been done with machines designed for fighting. But to reach Mr. Praeger's goal ingenuity rather than genius seems the requirement. The physical possibility of it is pretty well established. What is unestablished is that at the cost at which commercial flying will be practical a vigorous demand for it will appear. Sometime, somehow, there will be a demand. The question is whether it will exist soon and in an industrially significant volume.

The fact is that while the general public is playing with the commercial idea, certain types of business are regarding it seriously and even eagerly. Letters in the offices of the L. W. F. (Laminated Wood Fuselage) and Curtiss Corporation inquire as to machines for carrying certain freights. Mining companies in the Andes, for instance, are dissatisfied with a four mile per hour mule train and a craggy route infested with Indian brigands. Coffee and cocoa plantation owners far from rail or harbor contemplate enthusiastically a conveyance which can carry their produce to a market at 100 miles per hour. Large cattle owners in Texas contemplate locating their scattered herds and provisioning their bands of vaqueros by a swifter and more reliable carrier than the problematic burro. Borax deposits in Nevada are being hauled to civilization at the cost in energy of twenty mules per ton, and its shippers are considering the more expeditious airplane which needs no roadbed through the wilderness. Oil men in Colorado and Texas are asking for estimates on machines, and a company in Porto Rico is making plans for an aerial taxi service.

In the report of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee to the British Air Board appears a list of commodities which the committee, after investigation, believes that the commercial airplane can immediately secure for transportation. These goods

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are divided into two classes. Certain things will be sent by air for safety—jewels, laces, furs, precious ores, feathers, etc. Others will take a celestial route on account of the time which it will save. These goods will run the commercial scale from perishable fruits and flowers to suddenly needed medicines and surgical instruments. Neither of these classes include shipments which American aircraft manufacturers predict will occur in quantity—goods not perishable or needed for the preservation of life, but more or less ordinary materials dispatched to fulfill a commercial promise or to meet the convenience of a large class of shippers to whom a result is more important than the expense involved in achieving it.

Nor, it seems, will the passenger phase of aerial commerce be neglected. Germany, says the British Flight, is already running "mail and passenger-carrying services" in spite of being in the throes of a revolution "which perilously approaches dissolution of the empire." In England itself tickets have already been sold for the first London to Paris trip, and the First British and International Aerial Navigation Company has secured landing fields, airplanes, and other equipment, and is straining at the Air Ministry's leash, lavishly advertising the while its great intentions. Two other English companies announce themselves in process of becoming. The report of the Civil Aerial Committee includes aerial passenger service among the practicabilities of aviation. "France is keeping quiet," says an American producer, "but she has not led the development of wartime aviation to drop flying in peace." And, in our own United States, Captain Lipsner, formerly manager of the aerial mail route, announces an inter-city passenger traffic to be put at public disposal May 15th, while the Curtiss Engineering Corporation has just made public proposal to establish an aerial taxi depot for private excursions to such cities as Albany, Philadelphia, and Buffalo, and a regularly operating line of seaplanes to run a passenger service from New York City southward along the Atlantic coast to Miami, Florida.

In some instances this contemplated traffic, freight and passenger, can justify itself by a lower cost than land transport. This will be the case where undeveloped regions are concerned. In some instances the airplane will be chosen for safety. But the basis of it in most instances will be neither cheapness nor security, but the modern world's fever for dispatch. What has explained the express car and the auto delivery will somewhat elucidate commercial flying. "Whether it costs five shillings or five pounds," says Mr. G. Holt-Thomas, the British aircraft authority, in the Aeronautical Journal, "the business which can be done on certain occasions will only be done by arriving on time."

President H. B. Mingle of the Standard Aircraft Corporation even sees the matter in the light of a principle. The airplane, he explains, will be sought by those who are wiser to buy time. If one service will work twice as rapidly as another it will be worth twice as much to these men. The airplane goes at from two to three times the speed of the passenger train, our fastest regularly operating land transport service. Those endeavoring to save time will gladly pay at least in proportion to its swiftness. And the airplane, judging by aerial mail costs, could operate on a less favorable principle than this! It can be run, thinks Mr. Holt-Thomas, at a rate not greatly in excess of that demanded by the railroad. Eventually less than double the railroad, says the more cautious Glen H. Curtiss.

The future indicated by these facts, opinions, and intentions naturally baffles definition. But that it is not fantastical or meagre, that it tallies somewhat with Mr. Praeger's description, is suggested by the attitude of the British government. In the winter of 1917 Mr. Holt-Thomas launched the commercial idea in an address to English government officials and aircraft producers. His charts of estimate on initial outlay, rates, and weather conditions for commercial flying were received with seriousness if with some qualification. Today the British Air Ministry is professedly engaged in completing a full set of regulations for aerial traffic. The Air Board has before it a recommendation from the Civil Aerial Committee to the effect that "aerial transport service cannot be developed by the ordinary commercial methods so as to secure the required results, and that state action of some kind in developing aerial transport service is therefore unavoidable." This does not indicate, of course, that nothing could be done without a boost from the government. In England as here private initiative has already made its move. But Great Britain, in the phrase "required results," looks toward something more than the haphazard development which marks a new industry unaccepted and untaught by practice. She indicates her serene confidence in the ultimate bigness of aerial traffic, and reveals her intention to share in it as the measure of her estimate of its future importance. She hesitates, if we may believe Flight and Aeronautics, between the alternative offered by the Committee of "state assistance to private enterprise or state ownership or participation in the ownership of aerial transport undertakings."

America, officially no farther advanced today with regard to commercial flying than Britain was eighteen months ago, may look with surprise upon the boldness of the British programme. It has drawn toward maturity before ours has even been con-

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sidered. A knock has come at our door; we are surprised with a myth become reality. Congress, temporarily the supreme authority on aeronautical matters, sits inert before the situation. Indeed, the situation is still unrecognized. But meanwhile aerial coaches and barges are being designed and the laws which define their privileges are still unwritten. Whatever we may think of Great Britain's programme, its grappling with a situation which we too must meet is a disconcerting fact in the face of our passivity. The problem with its many facets lies unescapably before us. Each day undignified by action postpones the date at which, through with investigation and analysis, we can frame our course of action with regard to an activity which throws its shadow across our entire transportational system.

FRANK E. HILL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Psychology of German Defeat

SIR: Perhaps the enclosed translation of a letter recently received from a German friend in New York City may be of interest at this juncture to that thoughtful-minded sort of people who read the New Republic. In case, however, it comes under the eyes of the thoughtless-minded sort of people who don't read the New Republic, a caution may be in order: let them note that the writer is dealing (1) with *successive stages* of opinion (lest, reading the first stage they succumb in wrath before reaching the second), (2) with the opinion of the German *people* (lest they should fear by the reading they are not standing back of the President), (3) with his own interpretation of recent actions and present aims of the German people (which, if it errs, errs no more by ennobling than some American Tories have erred by degrading the New Socialism beyond the Rhine). Let them note, too, that the translator by making public such a letter can scarcely be actuated (in the present posture of military and political affairs) by a traitorous intent to block the successful prosecution of the war (or, peradventure, even to embarrass the peace table at Versailles).

The author is a North German, a Prussian, a Ph.D. under Brandl at Berlin, a Social-Democrat, a young, but brilliant lecturer on literature and philosophy at a great American university before we entered the war and for a semester after, and counts among his loyal friends, in these days of his broken career, American citizens distinguished for public service in wartime.

. . . "I can't quite explain the collapse of Germany as due primarily to military and economic exhaustion; the essential and deciding factor seems rather to have been what one here in America is in the habit of calling 'a moral catastrophe.' I'd prefer myself to name it an 'ethical new-birth'; for the deeper and truer meaning of what has taken place seems to me far less the death of an old force than the liberation of new, joyous, forward-looking forces.

"Mr. Wilson and Mr. Creel may well experience a distinct satisfaction that it was they rather than the Allied armies that finally broke the resistance of the German people. Their idealistic slogans, so wisely calculated, and their skillful propaganda, so powerfully organized, 'undermined the morale of the German people'—as current speech has it. But personally I doubt whether they themselves fully realize the depth and the scope of their own tremendous success. Unquestionably they gave the outward and visible push whereby the new ethical orientation of the Germans developed into so swift and complete a political readjustment. But important inner tendencies had for some time been at work. I've just been reading again during the last few days a book of Hugo Preuss, the present Secretary of the Interior, Politics and the German People. It appeared back in July, 1915. Yet it expressed with poignant power that tormenting spirit of mistrust that I'm inclined to call the 'bad conscience' of the Germans. Even in the midst of that convulsion of the first year of the war, whilst the primitive cry of self-preservation made us deaf to many a doubt and demur, we still heard, ever and again, among us and within us, disquieting voices of unfaith in our own cause. They burst forth in Liebknecht's fanatic and half-insane harangues of hate against his own people; they achieved a worthier tone and temper in men like Leopold von Wiese, Hugo Preuss, and Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, and in artists like Leonhard Frank, author of that shrill cry of distress, 'Der Mensch ist Gut.' (This is the title of a series of short stories of the war; from it I've learned more about the real conditions that led to the debacle than from the entire press of this last year). People began to feel themselves as somehow a part of the guilt of the Great Powers System (so H. G. Wells calls it now in the New Republic, although theretofore Germany had in reality acquired only the burdens of this evil system (army and fleet), whilst the Powers of the Entente had been adroit at gathering its fruits in the shape of vast Colonial possessions. Germany felt as if, in comparison with the other imperialistic Powers, she had been taken advantage of, had been in a way cheated; and yet there was no denying that Germany was herself a member of this Great Powers System—at least by intention—which was aiming at the exploitation of undeveloped peoples. Thus the conception gained ground that Germany was indeed co-responsible for all the moral defects of the system as well as for its sinister results, of which the war was the most monstrous.

"Now this feeling of participating responsibility was, from the beginning of the present year, accentuated, by a number of events, into a common conviction that Germany, as a result of her antiquated and anomalous form of government, must shoulder the *chief* responsibility of the world war. It was at this point that Mr. Creel's Swiss Propaganda-bureau began to make itself felt. The political teaching that the German government stood, not only formally, but in fact morally, below the level of the enemy peoples, who had now abandoned the outworn barbaric principle of Might for the new, genuinely human, ideals of loftiest Justice, fell in Germany upon fruitful soil—the more so, because precisely at this time the German people, after a period of military successes abroad, was being most painfully reminded of disastrous defects at home. Brest-Litovsk revealed the inoperativeness of the peace-decisions of the Reichstag; the Socialists under Scheidemann's leadership advised in vain an immediate acceptance of Wilson's fourteen points—instead, the military leadership compelled the

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March offensive; Lichnowski destroyed the popular belief in the cloven foot of Sir Edward Grey; the entrance of France into the war seemed justified, or at least perfectly intelligible, after the publication of the humiliating demands whereby Bethmann-Hollweg wished to get France pledged to neutrality. Moreover, one could not longer doubt Wilson's good right to his complaints against the bad faith of the German government, after learning, during this past summer, more of the precise facts immediately back of America's declaration of war. All this knowledge, all these revelations, seemed in the eyes of the German people to absolve the western foes from the main guilt of the war.

"In addition, the political struggle of the German people for democratic reforms was giving new force to the assertions of their enemies as to the intrenched strength of the Autocracy. The obstinate resistance of Reactionaries and Junkers, even to the most justified of the popular demands, as particularly in the case of the Prussian ballot, materially contributed to the decision now once for all to undertake a thorough-going cleansing of conscience (as Hans Delbrük calls it). As early as last July, even before, one could mark that the dominating interest of the German people was no longer the war, but the political struggle at home.

"The German people desired, by a radical, new ordering of their own political life, to help lay the foundations for the new structure of humanity's League of Nations [Völkerbund], for which their enemies had repeatedly declared they were waging the war. And the German people resolved upon a supreme act that should prove before all the world their complete trust in the honesty of the foe: its armies, still intact, laid down their arms, and the people subjected themselves to the profoundest humiliation of spirit, in order to remove every shadow of doubt that in the future the German people relied no more on the strength of the sword, but on the strength of that justice which Wilson, the spokesman of the foeman, had proclaimed.

"The grandeur of this step of moral self-abnegation is for me, as a German, the one great comfort in an otherwise difficult hour. Of course, I do not conceal from myself the possibility (sometimes, I feel, the probability) that this, to me so impressive, moral triumph of the German people, may result in the destruction of their earthly existence (or, in other words, that Germany has accepted the 'fourteen points' and gets the 'secret treaties'). In that case we would have indeed a world-historical tragedy in Hebbel's own sense: a people acting in the spirit of a moral world-order that belongs, however, only to the *future,* and thus, by virtue of this metaphysically conditioned 'tragic guilt,' going down to ruin in the *present.* . . ."

I submit that this enemy alien, whose love of country walks hand in hand with his love of righteousness and humanity, who has kept his head unmuddled and his heart unembittered through a period of stress which we Americans can little appreciate, is quite as good a pledge for the future of the League of Nations as some metropolitan editors or some United States Senators.

ROBERT WYLIE WELDON.

The New Treason

SIR: Just an appreciation—

The New Republic has, for the past several months, chased me all over France—from the sector of Arras to St. Mihiel, to the Forest of Argonne, to this peaceful rest-spot, where this division (the 78th) is recuperating.

The journal has been one of the few links that persisted in connecting my recent experiences to my former life. It gave me a feeling that I was a soldier for a temporary emergency and was due to continue from where I left off in civil life.

At times circumstances allowed but scant attention to the journal. I'm thinking of one incident—my battalion was relieved by another of our regiment, in the village of Grand-Pre, which was then jointly occupied by the opposing forces. I was in a dugout in the support line when the first mail in two weeks reached us, among mine being a New Republic. While I read it Fritzie got the range and tormented us with some nasty pills. One hit close and a fragment of shrapnel flew over my shoulder, shattering your opinions—and my peace of mind. But now I can do justice to printers' ink.

I've just read from cover to back your issue of October 19. Reading matter in our billets is scarce, so even the ads were interesting. But The Defeatists and The Issue and Our Critics are responsible for my imposing this letter on you.

To one who has realized the actuality of the war from a viewpoint somewhat further advanced (in terrain) than editorial rooms and safely-sheltered forums, etc., any opposition to a policy or idea that promises to perpetuate the fruits of our military victory—is treason.

We doughboys, as you dub us, cannot tolerate even a suspicion of further warfare. And while, just now, our voices may not be heard, they will be in succeeding generations.

If every soldier were to put this up to his folks and friends, as I have, perhaps your critics would be silenced, at least on the particular issue in question.

Yours for "The League of Nations,"

J. G. GOLDSTEIN.

Sergeant, Co. F, 312th Inf., A. E. F.

The Measure of Germany's Punishment

SIR: Suppose that prior to 1914 we had had an actual, functioning League of Nations of which Germany was a member, and her aggression had been a deliberate attack upon the league and upon an express compact and organization created to achieve the security and liberty of the nations, what punishment—whether by way of reparation or penalty—would the league now be meting out to Germany?

That is the true measure of Germany's punishment today.

No such league had been born, but it had been conceived and was quick within the world. Nearly all the nations, save Germany, wanted the league before 1914, and Germany pretended that she did too. When formed, a league will be merely the recognition of a family relationship among nations that already exists; it will not create it. The odium earned by Germany is precisely that to which her treachery to the family of nations entitles her.

The league of nations yet to be born will justify itself and earn the respect of mankind in the degree that this moral standard is applied to the present facts as actual international law.

ALBERT S. BARD.

New York.

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What to Read

CONTEMPORARY VERSE ventures the opinion that Contemporary Verse is the best poetry magazine we have. And I believe it is true. Not for any of the usual reasons—sapient editing, an enlightened clientele, high ideals. I can't discover that it has any ideals at all; I know of nobody besides myself and Braithwaite (the modern improvement upon and substitute for the gentle reader) who has ever read it; perhaps its merit depends mainly on the obvious absence of editing. It seems to have no standards. Its tastes are more omnivorous than catholic. Has it been publicly admitted that there is a covert danger in standards? The transition from trial by merit to trial by fire, water, or religious and political scruples is too deadly easy. Other magazines of verse have set out to publish the best, which being interpreted means the best submitted to them as they see it. An editor reserves the right to use his human judgment in one field; before long he is using it not only to exclude bad verses but also to exclude the doctrines of transubstantiation and Bolshevism. Without knowing it he is likely to ride hobbies, propagate his special theses, and refuse to publish any poem containing spondees or amphibrachs. It is much safer for an editor never to look at the manuscript until the issue is safely out. Only by this method is the invaluable law of natural selection given free play. Contemporary Verse is the solitary instance of unchidden poetical flowering. It prints indifferently exquisite and execrable. It plays no favorites. At least—I have no intimate information—the result indicates this method. And I repeat that year by year or month by month it is the most successful of our magazines of verse. Every reader is his own editor. He may pick his particular wheat from out the chaff of his aversions. It is as interesting as the May woods. It is life in the rough, nothing omitted. There are bound to be good things in it.

When you cut the pages of Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, you know very well what you will find. Tart tang of originality at any cost on every page. Miss Monroe specializes in the unique. She has a reputation to maintain for startling things, and several theories of prosody to support by an astute distribution of acceptances. It was of course Poetry that first published Lindsay's early burlesque concerning the entrance of General William Booth into heaven. The magazine is no doubt properly proud of its record for a succession of smashing Opus 1's. It has a record also for innovations that passed into the usage of current literature. It has never forgotten nor forgiven itself that a bourgeoise weekly should have brought out Spoon River just across the state line. This indeed was the great failure of its career. It has survived, but with a difference. It tends in these later days toward a querulous infallibility. It cannot admit that it was ever taken in by so palpable a fraud as the Spectrist School. It inclines even to pontificate a little in the eremite retirement of Chicago. With unction it elects its saints and gathers reverently its private collection of martyr's bones.

As Poetry is likewise A Magazine of Verse, so is Youth also Poetry of Today. The subtitles are as confusing as they are hard to remember. If the first is not self-condemnatory it is redundant. If the second is not vague it is swashing. The editors of Youth have taken this neglected earth and heaven of ours as their province, confidently, heroically. It is symbolic of their all-inclusiveness that they should open fire with Edwin Arlington Robinson and Amy Lowell. They have arranged to represent America, likewise the American universities, and, as an added bagatelle, the continent of Europe. The effect is occasionally that of a small voice crying in a very large wilderness. But it is a hopeful venture, toward which the most cynical must feel kindly. Growing up will discourage them; meanwhile there is a freshness as of the first rain-wind about their spontaneous choice of verses and unabashed criticism. They are not so far fearful of making strategic mistakes. The problem of circulation is still to them merely a problem of the maintenance of excellence. They are under no traditional obligation to produce successive thrillers as the price of going on. A saving lack of perspective makes it possible for them to greet polyphonic prose as an epoch-dating invention.

But titanic plans are not rare in these our times. The publishers of the Lyric aim "to so organize the readers of poetry in America as to ensure a wider reading circle for our poets and a more decent compensation for their work." It is to be remarked that the organization of poetry readers ought to prove a task at least as difficult as interesting. Nor is the Sonnet a laggard, attempting, as it says, to put forth the best sonnets written in English. Out of so much faith and works something must come to pass of which we shall not be ashamed. It should not discourage us completely that there seems something trumped-up about these beginnings. A self-conscious culture is always ill at ease. The Gaelic revival in Ireland was nearly as artificial—yet it stimulated and included in passing a writer of plays greater than any other in English since 1616.

Neither the Little Review nor the Midland publishes poetry alone, but each makes a distinctive contribution to the renaissance. The Midland specializes in quiet. Did Robert Frost write about the middle west he would be its ideal contributor. As it is, Edwin Ford Piper, using Frost's technique, pours his whole output into this friendly medium, and sets a restful tone. Restful and gray. The middle westerner always wears a black tie. He wears black socks and a gray suit. Whatever happens he intends to avoid the bizarre. And his poetry matches his clothes. The Little Review has no objection to dazzling you. It is out to gain hot enemies and ardent friends. It makes "no compromise with public taste," meaning thereby no doubt the cult of the gray suit. Its color scheme is symptomatic of continual hunger after the unattainable ultra-violet. It prints all the yellows, purples, and greens that border on its heart's desire, hoping to stumble somehow on the esoteric formula of forbidden vibrations. The editor holds that our æsthetic souls are to be saved by prestidigitation alone. Like certain cinema actors, the contributors make their artistic effects by agility. They are indoor reformers. They run up the papered wall with ease and pick June roses from the chandeliers. All this is excellent and we enjoy it. It keeps us in good mental condition. It is far better than an evening of solemn digestive discussion, followed by solemn asthmatic panting on the way up stairs. There seem to be, happily, some types of radicalism that even long life cannot cure. There are idol-smashers by instinct. Like the rich they are always with us. When I read the Little Review it makes me a little sad that I was afflicted with a curable variety, and seem to be getting over it.

SALANN.

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Books and Things

IN the preface to Studies in Literature (Putnam's, $2.50) Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says he "cannot quarrel with any critic who may find the word 'studies' too important for a volume which consists, in the main, of familiar discourses: and will only plead that it was chosen to cover not this book alone but a successor of which some part of the contents may better justify the general title." The explanation is not necessary. None save an exceptionally stupid critic will think the title of this charming book too important for its contents. Each of the lectures and essays here collected is, to be sure, a familiar discourse, but so is everything likely to be which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch writes about literature. His most serious "studies," whose claim to such a title no one would think of disputing, have an agreeable ease, a casual air, which makes them as "familiar" as his slightest things. The essay on Swinburne, the solidest part of these Studies in Literature, is in this sense as "familiar" as the thinnest lecture in the volume, on The Poetry of George Meredith. Sir Arthur is a scholar who keeps in his scholarship the bearing of a well-read gentleman, whose manner of making a subject his own persuades us, as we read, that it is also ours. We are wrong, of course, but the mistake continues to be pleasant even after we have discovered it.

My only quarrel with the book is that the articles written to be heard suffer, in one respect, from comparison with the articles written to be read. The reprinted essays on Coleridge, Matthew Arnold and Swinburne have as much "fluidity and sweet ease" as the lectures delivered by the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge. It is the lectures that suffer by the juxtaposition. "And Mysticism is—well, Mysticism, Gentlemen, is something we will discuss in our next lecture." "I propose in my next lecture, Gentlemen, to start by examining one most important poem of Vaughan's, which will lead us on to deal expeditiously with Traherne, Quarles, the two Fletchers, Crashaw, and maybe one or two other poets on this line of spiritual ancestry." Twice Sir Arthur quotes the whole of George Herbert's "Love bade me welcome." Once in a while he makes a joke not better than this: "But if by a stretch of fancy we can conceive Hegel or Comte or Bergson or any of these constructives as knowing all about it, why then Hegel or Comte or Bergson is theoretically as good as God—and then, the Lord stiffen, for us all, the last barrier between theory and practice!" One notices these things the more because the essays written to be printed are so free from them. Compared with the closeness of the Swinburne the texture of the lectures appears a little too loose.

Nobody, I hope, will accuse me of offering that sentence about Hegel and Bergson as a fair sample of the author's humor. It is a sample most unfair. His humor is one of his most agreeable qualities. "I must here, however, avow my belief," he writes in his preface, "that before starting to lay down principles of literature or aesthetic a man should offer some evidence of his capacity to enjoy the better and eschew the worse. The claim, for the moment fashionable, that a general philosophy of aesthetic can be constructed by a thinker who, in practice, cannot distinguish Virgil from Bavius, or Rodin from William Dent Pitman, seems to be to presume a credulity almost beyond the dreams of illicit therapeutics." Could any one have hit upon a happier contrast to Rodin than William Dent Pitman, who would prolong his evenings "far into the night, now dashing off . . . a volunteer bust ('in marble,' as he would gently but proudly observe) of some public character, now stooping his chisel to a mere *nymph* ('for a gas-bracket on a stair, sir'), or a life-size *Infant Samuel* for a religious nursery"? It was William Dent Putman who said "an occasional model would only disturb my ideal conception of the figure, and be a positive impediment in my career." We have all met the æsthetician who cannot distinguish William Dent Pitman from Rodin. The Goncourts were inclined to think, most unfairly, that they had met him in the person of Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. They even represent Turgeniev as a partaker in their opinion. Taine on art, says Turgeniev in the Goncourt journal, if I remember the story correctly, "reminds me of a pointer I once had in Russia. He went out with me day after day, he pointed, he went through all the proper motions. Only, he had no nose."

It is this kind of critic that Sir Arthur most distrusts and least resembles. When he comes nearest to "laying down principles of literature or aesthetic" he is least near his own particular wisdom and soundness. "But when we go a step further yet, and convert our epithets of opinion—'classical,' 'romantic'—into abstract nouns—'classicism,' 'romanticism'—I would point out to you, with all the solemnity at my command that we are at once hopelessly lost: lost, because we have advanced a vague concept to the pretence of being a thing; hopelessly lost, because we have removed our concept out of the range of the *thing;* which is not only what matters, but the one and single test of our secondary notions. 'The play's the *thing.*' Hamlet, Lycidas or The Cenci is the *thing.* Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley did not write 'classicism' or 'romanticism.' They wrote Hamlet, Lycidas, The Cenci." To realize that Sir Arthur is out of his depth we have only to contrast this passage with the words of a writer who is both a man of taste and a thinker, with Santayana's words: "If the discovery of new perfections is to be called romanticism, then romanticism is the beginning of all aesthetic life. But if by romanticism we mean indulgence in confused suggestion and in the exhibition of turgid force, then there is evidently need of education, of attentive labor, to disentangle the beauties so vaguely felt, and give each its adequate embodiment."

When I call Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, considered as a literary critic, a man of taste and not a thinker, all I mean is that his mere preferences, his likings and dislikes, matter a good deal to other men, and that the reasons he gives for his preferences matter all the way from less to not at all. Good taste, you may say, is the taste most like your own, but I think you speak lazily, in forgetfulness of that humility which is our common portion. A man of taste, I should say, were I to try my hand at a superficial description, is a man who somehow or other makes us uneasy when we disagree with him. One of Sir Arthur's attractive traits is his gift for doing this without giving us a disagreeable sense of our own inferiority.

This, I admit, does not take us very far. It does not tell us anything about the two kinds of good taste, that which tries to keep good taste from changing and that which tries to change it. Sir Arthur's place is among the conservatives. He is strictly first-hand, his preferences are his own, he has his heresies, but on the whole it is true of him that upon sensations and choices like his the long-established reputations have been built. He feels afresh what the other good judges have felt. And when I add that he is a highly cultivated man of taste I mean that he remembers, close to the moment of reading and enjoying, other things read which have given him a similar or contrasting pleasure.

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A critic who does this is obviously very unlike the critic who tries to catch his sensations as early as possible, to keep them unmixed with memories until he has realized and defined what he feels. This second critic is like a painter, set down on the shore of a river, giving himself wholly to the pleasure of seeing what is before his eyes, caring not at all where the river has come from and will go, or whether its name be the Ganges or the Ilissus. But it is the first critics, it is Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who gives us a sense of tradition as a thing alive, renewed in the perceptions of men who feel for themselves in the old masterpieces those qualities which were felt there long ago.

P. L.

After the Play

HOW many English or American grown persons, neither teachers of French nor lecturers on the history of drama, but free agents, masters of their fate—how many of these have you caught in the act of reading Corneille? Of all the great French classics he is the least exportable. You may enjoy Rabelais, Montaigne, and Molière to your heart's content, you may carry them about with you and actually become familiar with their contents, and yet such pleasant habits will bring you no nearer, in the sense of not a step nearer, to understanding why Frenchmen set such store by the great Corneille. For my part, I used to think of him with dread, as of a formidable declaimer, relentlessly discharging volleys of loud alexandrines as stiff as spears. An inflexible divider of man's nature, a tearer of motives from their confusing context, a wiper of motives artificially clean, an expert who incited Duty and Passion and Honor and Patriotism to fight like mad, a professional trainer of motives which sought distinction in the arena or the ring—this is how the great Corneille used to look to my ignorance. Small wonder then that I, the victim of such inaccurate prejudices, shrank from the process of removing them.

Once upon a time, nevertheless, I had almost persuaded myself to read Corneille, and should in fact have done so if I hadn't encountered a learned friend, who understands French as well as English, speaks French readily and with an accent so pure that French provincials wonder in what unfamiliar, to them, French province he picked it up, and who knows French literature much more intimately than you or I know English. This friend was ill-advised enough to say I would find Corneille full of historical interest. This was precisely what I was afraid I should find. "Remember," said he, "how absolutely new upon the French stage was the tone in which Corneille wrote Le Menteur, for example. The plot he took from his Spanish model, but the tone was his, and nothing like it had been heard in French before. Le Menteur was the first clear light upon Molière's way. It showed Molière where he wanted to go. It introduced into French comedy that note of easy high breeding which has been heard on the French stage ever since, and which is not heard in anywhere near the same perfection on any other. Molière, as even you may recollect, acknowledged in the frankest and most honorable way his debt to Le Menteur." This speech naturally discouraged me, for when people tell you a play is remarkable for its historical interest they mostly imply that it is not remarkable for anything else. To be historically interested is learnedly to realize how new something was when it was new.

So it was not without fear that I went on Monday to the Vieux Colombier to hear Le Menteur. This fear was groundless. The clear bright stage was a note of gaiety. The costumes were a joy to the eyes. The charming figures lived and moved and spoke with abundant ease, spoke with a sense of form that guided and shaped this abundance, spoke with wit and point. What an elegance in the ease of Géronte's fine manners, what playfulness runs refreshingly through Clarice's prudent caprices, with what zest, with what a natural joy-of-lying does Dorante pour out his inventions! With little ever to gain by lying, sometimes with next to nothing at stake, never with any reason to hope he can go long undetected, he lies spontaneously, enormously, with the happiest circumstance. He is having the time of his life. Except when lying he is out of his element. As Dorante, this prodigious liar, M. Henri Dhurtal is a marvel of color and spirit and naturalness. His is the art of speaking long rhymed tirades as if he were improvising—just the art most required in such a rôle. Surely M. Dhurtal is a much better actor than he was a year ago. He now has a fire and freedom and certainty that are worth going miles to see. Some notion of his range may be gained by comparing his expansive playing of Dorante with his tight intensity in "what my grandfather used to call a thankless part," in Vivarce, the lover whose suicide solves L'Enigme.

Accident kept me from seeing the last two acts of Le Menteur. I should regret this more acutely if since Monday evening I had not read them. The most interesting scenes of the play are in the earlier acts, when the liar has more room, when the plot does not constrain him, when he is at liberty to abound in his own sense. However little we may go in for showing a dramatist how he ought to have done his work, we cannot help feeling either that Dorante should have risen and swollen throughout the play into a liar of more and more heroic size, or else that the lies he has sent out should have come home to plague him with cumulative effect. Corneille did not choose either of these ways. In the last two acts Dorante is less and less the gorgeous liar, more and more the young man who has got Clarice and Lucrèce mixed up. He declines from a man interesting by his gift for spontaneous lying into the victim of a mistake which is without interest, and to which we don't easily give even the small degree of credence that the play asks of us. Still, I am sorry I could not see these last two acts, could not satisfy my curiosity as to what M. Copeau had done with them. He has so often set free qualities which one did not, without his help, suspect of being imprisoned in a printed page.

M. Copeau's programme for the rest of the season is varied. He will repeat Les Fourberies de Scapin and Twelfth Night, which struck me last year as the loveliest of Shakespearian performances. He will give us other poetical plays—among them Pelleas et Mélisande and L'Annonce faite à Marie, by Paul Claudel. We are to have Verlaine and La Fontaine, and a most amusing play by Alfred Capus, La Veine, written in his liveliest period, the period of Les Deux Ecoles and La Petite Fonctionnaire. There will also be an absolute novelty, I believe—Mazaud's La Folle Journée. We shall have a chance to enjoy yet awhile the Vieux Colombier's resourcefulness, its revelatory honesty, in dealing with the old and with the contemporary, with poetry and prose, with the more French and with the less French of French things.

Q. K.

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The Elusive Middle Class

The English Middle Class, by R. H. Gretton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

MR. GRETTON has embarked upon a novel kind of investigation in this book, and the result is both of interest and importance. Nothing is more necessary, especially in such times as these, than clear thought upon the essentials of social structure. Its traditional classification is significantly asserted and denied in behalf of every sort of political hypothesis. Revolution in America is declared to be impossible because of the solid qualities of the middle-class. The Russian Revolution divorces itself at the outset from association with middle-class traditions. Yet nothing is more clear than the fact that no two people would accept the same definition either of its extent or of its limits. Is it a matter of income? A Detroit millionaire is psychologically middle-class. Is it a question of birth? It has been stoutly denied that the English aristocracy regarded Queen Victoria as one of themselves. Does membership of a particular church contribute to it? We all at least know that there is a tasteful dignity about an Episcopal bishop which does not belong to a Methodist. If a machinist at Hog Island bought a Packard and became a member of the I. W. W., by what criteria would his class be estimated? Clearly there are here materials for fascinating reflection.

Mr. Gretton's book treats of distinctively English experience and his conclusions are set forth in historical terms. Broadly, he argues that the middle-class is " that portion of the community to which money is the primary condition and the primary instrument of life "; and he endeavors to substantiate its truth by tracing its history from the twelfth century, where, roughly speaking, it may be said to emerge, to the nineteenth century, where the development of the credit system makes it no longer possible to treat the problem in terms of the definition. For the middle-class, in short, money is something more than a token marking the potentiality of service. It is not the means to life, but a part of life itself; and the standard of values we are accustomed to term middle-class accordingly takes its rise from that fundamental assumption. Mr. Gretton has no difficulty in showing that there is much to be said for this definition; and things like the subordination of the earlier farming system to the growing needs of the woolen industry lend it vivid illustration. Nor is it less characteristic of the fifteenth century than of our own day that the middle-class should refuse all responsibility save that which tends to its own profit.

Yet it is tolerably certain that the problem is far more complex than Mr. Gretton's definition would seem to make it. Undoubtedly he is right in his insistence that the emergence of a monetary system is the main element in the rise of the middle-class. Where he leaves room for question is in his attempt to define its nature only in those terms. From the fifteenth to the nineteenth century there were many things that made an Englishman middle-class besides his financial position and methods. Birth contributes many elements of vital importance. No one has heard of the Cecils of the fourteenth century, but every one has heard of the Cecils of the nineteenth. Religion is often of decisive importance also. A Nonconformist who, even today, owns an estate say in Suffolk, will not be regarded as one of themselves by his Anglican neighbors. You can avoid the middle-class by psychological means. If a cotton merchant sent his son to Eton and Christ Church, the faults of his ancestry might well be compensated by the virtues of his training. Membership of Parliament has, since 1832, done much to make the barriers between classes distinctly psychological in character; and it would be an interesting speculation to inquire where a syndicalist like Mr. Bertrand Russell, who has escaped a dukedom only by happy accident, is to be placed in the social scale. The truth surely is that the origin of the middle-class is to be traced not so much to their use of money as to the fact that their power was drawn from a different medium from that of the governing class of their time. They do not, on any large scale, begin to get land until the Industrial Revolution of which the fundamental illustration is the fact that the peer sends his second son into the city. The middle-class never wanted money for its own sake. It wanted power; and land, the original source of its possession, was already pre-empted. So it was reduced to the accumulation of what, in fact, was a far more useful instrument than the land it could not possess. Land became subjugated to the new forms of wealth commerce called into being. With the harnessing of steam to industry the middle-class became the dominant power in the state.

Mr. Gretton does not tell us by what criteria he would distinguish the different classes of England at the present time, and it is obvious that his definition would be inapplicable. Indeed, it may well be argued that the English middle class of today is less an entity than a state of mind. In one sense the upper class looks to the past; the middle-class is occupied with the present and the working-class with the future; so much, at least, may be reasonably insisted where the problem is considered in terms of the present control of the state. Birth counts for much, though wealth, as Lord Northcliffe has shown, may compensate for its absence. Religion is less and less significant, though in agrarian England it is still better to be church than chapel. The place where you are educated is fundamental; it is a mistake to avoid the public schools, and rightly fatal to avoid the older universities. In a sense, indeed, England is divided today by a line which is of a psychological kind that only an " insider " can understand. It is a line drawn differently in different places, and there are many who are permanently capable of immediate classification. It is a line between the best people and the others. The best people are known to all of us where they live in London. They are photographed for our delectation in the Sketch and the Tatler. They patronize the opera to preserve the music of the world. They give superb balls lest charity should die out from among us. They organize bazaars for the French wounded. They patronize men of letters and attend seances of strange, new religions. They are either genuinely and fabulously wealthy or able to compel the tradespeople to wait for their bills. They are never Nonconformists, and they never sympathize with trade-unions. They regard the House of Commons as the annex to a terrace upon which it is possible to have tea. They never get up until twelve because every one is so dull in the morning. They do not dare to love their own husbands, or, if they do, they boast of it as a phenomenon. They have to be in Scotland at definite parts of the year, and they dare not be in London in the summer. They always attend the opening of Parliament, whether it is held at Ascot or Newmarket. They read the Times or the Morning Post; and their political ideas are either finely Tory or so decently Liberal as to be indistinguishable from their opponents. These are the upper class of modern England whom Mr. Masterman has happily termed the conquerors. The rest of London is middle-class, though there is no aristocrat, be it noted, the half so formidable as

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the President of the Costers' Union in Whitechapel. Here, as elsewhere, the extremes are compelled to meet. It is from the city and the stage that the peerage selects its recruits.

No task would be more fascinating than a similar analysis of American society. The absence of hereditary titles has led to curious results; and as early as 1750 De Chastellux noted that precedence in Philadelphia was strictly determined by wealth. The fact of birth had, at some stage, to enter in; and, broadly speaking, it seems true to say of America that its upper class consists of those who have been rich sufficiently long for most of us to forget the character of their ancestors. America differs from England in that religion is unimportant. Locality clearly counts. No one from Nevada could ever enter the sacred circles of Philadelphia or Boston save by the doubtful virtue of marriage; and if you come from Ohio it is clear that no excuse would be accepted. Education no longer is significant. Harvard has yielded to the Middle West; and the struggle of Yale and Princeton is clearly fruitless. Indeed, it is difficult to know how, save by the character of one's work, the American middle-class can be known. It might be all those who are not either sufficiently rich not to educate their daughters or sufficiently poor to join a trade-union. Professors are clearly middle-class. So are bank cashiers and commercial travellers. A graduate student who had been passed by an insurance company would have in this field a noble opportunity for the exercise of his talents.

H. J. L.

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More Mythology

The Mythology of All Races, Vol. III: Celtic, by John Arnott Macculloch; Slavic, by Jan Máchal. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $6.00.

TONGUE-TWISTERS of the hackneyed "She sells seashells by the seashore" brand are hopelessly distanced, nay, even such monstrosities as the German "Konstantinopolitanischer Dudelsackpfeifenmachermeister" are put to shame by the villainous assemblages of sounds that meet the eye and defy the lip as one turns the pages of this latest publication in the mythological series. Human speech harbors many surprises for the uninitiate. Aborigines there are in Utah and Nevada who whisper part of a word and suggest the rest by closing the glottis. The Bushman clacks his tongue to say "Good morning" and fillips its tip from the roof of the palate to express the idea of transubstantiation.

Since the days of Przemysl even European languages have proved their latent possibilities. Accordingly we willingly swallow the names of Medb and Skrzatek and balk not even at Bodhmhall. These may be lacking in euphony, but they transcend not the powers of the human tongue. What, however, can be said on behalf of Cualnge or Gwrnach or Caledvwlch? Never were these meant for mortal voice. Perhaps they were devised to be transmitted by telepathy or to be bandied about by the subtler organs of some fourth-dimensional order of beings. Or, most probable of all, they served as passwords at some esoteric witches' Sabbath of phoneticians ordained by the hero of George Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion.

Of course, no living being is responsible for the vagaries of Celtic and Polish phonology, and if we are left floundering amidst the former some kind soul has at least thrown us a life preserver in the form of a key for the Slavic symbols. But enough of phonetics!

Three scholars have contributed to this volume, for Dr. Louis H. Gray, who banishes his name from the title page by way of editorial modesty, was obliged to supply the last section himself on account of the uncertainties of trans-Atlantic communication with his Czech correspondent. Naturally there is some diversity in the mode of approach of the several authors, but this may be occasioned as much by the varying character of the accessible material as by the writers' individuality.

Of the data presented the Celtic mythology savors least of the soil. Dr. Macculloch is fully aware of it and enlarges on the encroachments of Christianity and pseudo-historical sophistication. Primitive remnants abound, nevertheless, here as everywhere, but there is a distinct trend toward Byzantine grandioseness. Lady Bebhionn wears finger-rings as thick as three ox-goads, while Fergus has the strength of seven hundred men and satisfies his hunger with seven hogs and kine for a single meal. On the whole, the atmosphere is redolent of the medieval court at that highly interesting transitional period when the older cults were clashing with the new faith. The juxtaposition of the two civilizations is not lacking in some grotesque features, as when King Loegaire repudiates Christianity unless Cúchulainn be summoned from hell. When St. Patrick has accomplished the miracle, the pagan hero implores the king to become a Christian and the saint to admit him to Paradise, which devoutly wished-for consummation is duly effected.

From a literary point of view, Dr. Macculloch's treatise leaves much to be desired. It is both scholarly and sane,

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but withal rather amorphous and at times dull. Somehow one cannot enjoy the stories as stories in the author's presentation, and his manner of bringing in variants encumbers the account with an excess of detail. In this respect the brief essay on Slavic mythology by Professor Máchal of the Czech University of Prague is greatly superior. It is admirably clear-cut and even in the translation reveals a remarkable lightness of touch. Only the two sections on Slavic gods appear somewhat pretentious. So little is known of these deities that the device of having a separate chapter devoted to each recalls the famous discussion of snakes in Iceland. A summary catalogue of the most important names with that almost infinitesimal bit of knowledge extant as to their cult would have served the purpose better.

The Slavic material itself stands out in striking contrast to that of the Celtic sources. No scenes of Oriental magnificence are unfolded before our view, but the simple conceptions and ways of the humble folk, as revealed both in the earliest written documents by German, Arabic and Greek observers and in the traditional usages of the modern peasantry. The ancient Slavs were typical animists, as is shown among other things by their funeral customs—the slaying of servants, the cremation of wives and property, the laceration of mourners' faces. But, what is still more striking, is the extraordinary way in which antediluvian practices have persisted to the present day. It has been pointed out before that the social life of the Southern Slavs with its patrilineal sibs and bloody vendettas presented until the most recent period a tissue of primitive usages. We now learn how large a place is still occupied in the religious consciousness by rites of pagan lineage. To mention only one group of observances, the ancestors are propitiated with offerings and there is a firm belief in a tutelary household deity.

It is the Baltic Slavs that form the subject of Dr. Gray's chapter, or, to be more precise, the Letts and Lithuanians, since the old and quite extinct Prussians have left no trace of their mythology. Here the main source of information lies in folk-songs, which reveal a very marked interest in celestial phenomena, with the sun as the main protagonist. It may not be out of place to explain that different peoples vary widely in the aspects of nature that are deemed worthy of mythological interest, as Waterman has shown in an interesting statistical study. While one tribe features the heavens, another may neglect them to a marked degree and indulge in an indefinite series of explanations of the biological peculiarities of different species of animals. Again, while one people is concerned with the sun, another concentrates on the stars. In the Baltic area the moon plays a very subordinate role, and in a note the author delivers a well-merited thrust at the lunar enthusiasts who interpret every conceivable mythic episode as a symbolic representation of the moon's changes. Perkúnas, the Thunder deity, is not so prominent as the Sun in the folk-songs, but his striking and suggestive analogies with the Iranian Indra furnish Dr. Gray with food for reflections, most of which he tantalizingly keeps to himself, though he promises a fuller discussion of the Baltic peoples and their religion in an independent publication.

One-half of this impressive series has now been issued, and as its publication progresses it is impossible to suppress an ardent wish for some ultimate synthetic essay, apparently not contemplated in the initial prospectus, that shall sum up and bring to a head the vast product of Dr. Gray's erudite collaborators. To be sure, some general conceptions are bound to emerge from every attentive reader, but they require definite formulation by some master hand. How should one explain those haunting analogies that grow and multiply as we turn from Oceania to Africa and from Africa to America? When half the people of the globe thwart ogres by the very same devices, is it because the tales have gradually travelled from tribe to tribe or because of some intangible but universal trait of human psychology that again and again leads to the same method of rescue? Tylor and Lang and Joseph Jacobs wrestled with this question and the generation of epigonoi are still puzzling their heads in trying to find a completely satisfactory series of solutions for comparable problems.

Then there is the relation of myth to social usage. When some folk-tale outrages our sense of decency by casting aside all notions of primogeniture and insolently assigns to the youngest brother the main part in the story, is this to be interpreted as a survival of "junior right," the usage still current in some communities of bequeathing to the youngest son the lion's share of the legacy? Or, to put the case in more general terms, to what extent can we reconstruct from mythic tales the social conditions of their creators and transmitters?

Still another problem concerns the ultimate significance of myths. Do they at bottom mirror the processes of nature, the wanderings of the sun, the phases of the moon, or atmospheric changes? Or are they rooted in human experience, essentially folk-tales glossed over with a celestial veneer? Finally, though the number of possible queries is legion, what rôle does mythology play in the life of primitive and sophisticated civilizations? In what measure do myths reflect the religious consciousness, man's total reaction to the universe, how far merely the gambols of poetic fancy or the urge of the cause-seeking instinct? A whole volume might well be devoted to the philosophy of myth in its broader aspects; surely it is not immodest to ask for a fairly-sized valedictory essay on the subject.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Caradoc Evans

My People, By Caradoc Evans. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.50.

Capel Sion, by Caradoc Evans. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

THERE is little to choose between My People and Capel Sion. In each the Respected Josiah Bern-Davydd, black-gloved and elastic-gaitered, cunning, full of invective, on familiar terms with the Big Man, presides over the congregation of Welsh peasant religionists, who are the subject of the tales. These see visions and chant their more inspired utterances, and in one book as in the other they are covetous, cruel, sly, wanton, dirty, inbred. Gain is with them a motive which becomes an obsession, and obsession sometimes moves quickly into madness. For gain or ease in Sion there is no evil which they do not commit. They covet even the dead whom in life they have dishonored that their graveyard may be the fullest in the land and rise to their credit on the Judgment Day; the burning anticipation of all but the few half-wits and outcasts is to wear the White Shirt and go to live in the Great Palace after death. The stories are bitter in flavor and most often gross; they centre upon the efforts of one or another to rid himself of a parent or daughter or maidservant who weighs upon his fortunes, to make a deceitful marriage, to wrest an inheritance, to gain pride of place. Pathos there is when some dull, inarticulate soul grasps for happiness

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and loses it as quickly as if his hand had been severed; and humor of a sort that doubles back into disgust there is also, as when Lias Carpenter arranges to have his grave dug near that of Ellen Pugh, whom he has grievously wronged, that he may rise on the Judgment Day and reach the Big Man before Ellen to tell him that Ellen was without a name in Sion. A meagre remnant of poetry can be found in certain place-names, and the Garden of Eden is located among their hills; the bald crude idiom which these people use is mixed with Biblical phrases and holds the husks of a native imagination and fancy. But even with these varieties and the inclusion of characters who flaunt Sion the tales are all but unrelieved in their revelation of a coarse and cruel existence.

Yet the community of My People and Capel Sion seems credible. The Roman Road which runs through the hills and down to the small towns may have provided its material salvation, for travelling to fairs its members and their forbears were able to market their produce; but their tenacious possession of their small holdings and their pride in Sion always brought them back to their close, primitive ways. They worked a stubborn soil and learned to count the loss of a bundle of hay; their controversial faith kept them in sharp rivalry with neighboring capels and with the established church; their religion became the hard and pithy symbol of their ignorance and acquisitiveness, a fixed and ritualistic dissidence; they intermarried with other communities only when the material advantage was plain. Through generations of jealous inbreeding an active emotional stock slowly degenerating could be expected to develop precisely the ruthless personal viciousness which these characters exhibit.

Mr. Evans himself supplies corroboration by the effect of truth with which his tales are told. There are no enhancing sketches of nature in obliging moods to bear out conclusions, nor are the simple ironies of contrast resorted to which figure so largely in the literary treatment of the peasant: the placing of human tragedy against a radiant landscape. The Welsh peasant is slow to see the beautiful or curious in nature, Mr. Evans remarks in one of his rare comments, and the tales are kept close to the mind of their subject. We learn that the country is steep, not distant from the sea; it is definitely located in Cardiganshire; a small wood may be seen here and there; but these facts are composite with incident. Even character is charily described. A brief glimpse of a face, or an expression, or a posture may be given, but that is the most: these people act and speak, and they are suddenly present with a reality that becomes harshness: Sadrach the Large, who drives his wife over the hills to the madhouse to make for himself a more comfortable and more seemly way of living; Sadrach the Small, who is never a central character in any tale, but who is plainly drawn, lively and crafty and cannily acquiescent; the mute mad wife Achsah. With all the advantage of an unworked extraordinarily dramatic material Mr. Evans shows no effort to strike twelve; he never enlarges his possibilities. His use of the unexpected thrust has been advanced as one of his claims to favor, and his stories are full of such thrusts, but his claim to praise is that he makes so little of them; they serve their turn in the flow of narrative and are done. A light-tripping reader could pass them by. In their telling the tales are elliptical—it is at times difficult to catch their transitions—but so the action of these people must be, propulsive, dynamic. The stories seem taken out of living events, without artifice or adaptation.

My People and Capel Sion may have a special interest for students of primitive cultures; but they are first and last collections of stories, and it is as stories that they must be taken or left. They will promptly be left by those who wish an average of feeling. But gross and bitter and unrelieved as they are, they prove their own character and give their own enjoyment. They are told in a moving style which shapes to its theme and is close to its Biblical sources; and they are strict story-telling, free from the exposition which inter-penetrated so much narrative, stimulatingly free from the hovering mind of an author. They give the zest of quick contacts and sudden revelations; a short turn may fuse a Biblical tradition, the group of actions which sat across it, powerful elementary motives. In such tales as The Devil in Eden, Three Men from Horeb, The Pillars of Sion, Calvary, there is something of the intensity and amplitude of poetry. If any comparison can be drawn between the two books it is that in My People these swift fusions are more perfect and frequent than in the later book, Capel Sion; but in each there is much of the careless impact of steel and flint, and the sparks struck illumine developments of the human spirit which are little known or set aside or forgotten.

Constance Mayfield Rourke.

Recent Publications

Modern and Contemporary European History, by J. Salwyn Schapiro. Boston: The Riverside Press. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

WHEN ideas grow useless, out of date, and rather unrelated to our times, sensible people drop them from their mental horizon. When ideas grow very useless, entirely out of date, and totally unrelated to our times, professors tenderly gather them up and preserve them in text books for our college boys and girls. This is particularly true of text books on history which, until very recent years, were so many museums of vacuous reasoning and of obsolete points of view. For most historians, history has been mainly a chronicle of wars, colonizations, political cabals and dynastic intrigues. It is a haphazard procession of kings, statesmen and battles, advancing together through a series of well marked epochs, each epoch shedding an Entente, a Holy Alliance, a Pragmatic Sanction or a Concordat, as a lizard sheds scales.

Poles apart from this type of historical work is the Modern and Contemporary European History by Professor J. Salwyn Schapiro. To Professor Schapiro history is not merely a fancy panorama of great public events, but a cool, critical inquiry into the hidden forces that precipitate these events. The acts of princes, soldiers and statesmen are indeed recorded, but only to prove that they are determined by the economic and social forces of the time. In short, what the author sets out to do is to tell us the fundamental whys and wherefores of the European drama with a view to illuminating the actual, factual life of the people. And he accomplishes this purpose by searching out the rock-bottom, determining causes of each of the great spectacular events.

The result is that the focus of interest is shifted from the throne and the chancellor's office to the workshop and the household. As in the best of contemporary novels so here, it is not the princeling "who sometimes counsel takes and sometimes tea," but the horny-handed producer who sometimes agitates and sometimes strikes, that figures as the real hero. Witness, for example, the conspicuous account of socialism in all its recent protean developments.

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Or observe how trade unionism, syndicalism, and other aspects of the revolutionary labor movement are treated as integral and substantial parts of the history of the period. Nor is space or scholarship stinted in the treatment of the women's movement, the Irish problem, and the claims of science, or of any other question about which the most intensely modern reader may reasonably demand a report.

Two other features deserve special mention. One is the attention given to the land question, the other is the attention given to contemporary writers. Professors Beard and Robinson rescued the study of modern history from its diseased torpor by inoculating it with the facts of the industrial revolution. Well, Professor Schapiro has continued the treatment by pointing out that the industrial revolution had a partner, only second to it in influence, this partner being the agricultural revolution at the end of the eighteenth century. As if to provide an embarrassment of riches, the author includes a generous consideration of the leaders in literature. Men like Samuel Butler, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, riding on the crest of our spiritual and artistic currents, are of more vital importance to the age than the personages on whom the newspapers play the spotlight. Most historians write as if they were hardly aware of this fact. But Professor Schapiro gives it emphatic recognition.

The book is designed for the general reader no less than for the college student. It follows a much praised, rarely imitated example of Macaulay's in making history as entertaining as fiction. But it is by no means solely for its warm, picturesque style that the work invites approval. The subject matter covers all those problems that we have come to regard as most essential to an understanding of the human story with scholarly fullness.

F. G.

A Book of the Sea. Oxford University Press. $3.00.

A MORE exhilarating idea for an anthology than this one could hardly be conceived. The discovery of an unlimited choice of material of surpassing excellence, and a resultant new constellation in the booklover's heaven, was the least to be expected. The product is not exactly disappointing, but it reveals a fact hitherto unascertained, that comparatively little verse of the first excellence has drawn its inspiration from the ocean. Two English poets are represented by masterpieces: Coleridge with the Ancient Mariner, and Arnold with Dover Beach and the Forsaken Merman. Not much that is new is of transcendent value, though many pleasing and characteristic things, such as Trench's Old Anchor Chanty, will find new readers. Poems are admitted, as in the case of the segment of Lycidas, that have little to do with the subject of the volume. On the other hand, omissions of first class and relevant verse are few. It is a pity that space should have been found for Swinburne's perfunctory To a Seamew and not for his brief Song in Time of Order.

Contributors

ISAAC DON LEVINE, formerly Foreign News Editor of the New York Tribune, author of The Russian Revolution and The Resurrected Nations, soon to be published.

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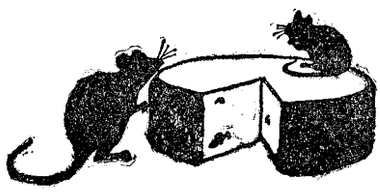

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